

No. 70.

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MAD NANCY.

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MAD NANCY,
THE
FENIAN FORTUNE-TELLER.

A Tale of the Irish Republic.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MAD MIKE," "MEXICAN JOE," ETC.



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MAD NANCY.

CHAPTER I.

KILKIERAN BAY—THE RUINED CASTLE—MAD NANCY.

Kilkieran Bay presents to the traveler's eye a bleak and uninviting prospect, though there is something sadly grand in its many features—something that thrills the heart with admiration, sorrow, and awe.

Far as the gaze can extend lies spread out the watery plain; thousands of gulls skim its surface or perch on the craggy rocks; and along the sandy beach are scattered here and there rude huts, in which the fishermen reside.

In summer time the Irish gentlemen from the surrounding country assemble their families here to enjoy pure air and sea-bathing.

The "Osprey's Nest" is the name bestowed on a long, low, rambling edifice, in which the "ton" find shelter during their stay, though some are better satisfied with the simple fare and rougher accommodations offered by the fishermen's wives, who, when they have a spare room, make it known by hanging a rough board outside, labelled: "Boordin' and Lodgin' Done Here," or "Boordin' and Lodgin' To Let."

The "Osprey's Nest" stands close beside the water, and although the building is sheltered on either side by projecting promontories, the wild hurricanes that sweep over the broad Atlantic dash the foaming spray high over the craggy

cliffs, and sometimes in stormy weather drive the roaring surge to the foot of the gothic veranda.

During the winter the place is deserted and dreary. The panes in the windows are shattered by mischievous urchins; the mullions are smashed; while fragments of carving, pieces of stuccoed drapery, broken vases, uprooted trees and shrubs litter the terrace in all directions.

The "Nest" remained in this condition until spring, and then a body of workmen were always sent to make the necessary repairs previous to the arrival of its high-born owners.

The huts and cabins that dotted the white beach numbered about fifty, but there were many more behind the rocks, in gloomy dells and dark ravines, that could not be seen from the coast. Honest, hardy toilers dwelt in these humble abodes, clanking their *chains of oppression*, and striving to keep the gaunt spectre of starvation from their doors.

Several boats were dancing on the waters in the sheltered cove, and about two hundred yards from the nearest island of Lettermullen, a snug, rakish-looking craft might be seen lying at anchor, with no being on its deck save an old weather-beaten "salt," who reclined lazily against a coil of rope, smoking a short pipe.

The scenery in the background was mountainous and picturesque, while far away above "Saint Anthony's Nose," a crag, whose front resembled a man's face, pointing upward to the frowning sky, towered the haunted ruins of O'Hara's Castle.

The walls that enclosed the courtyard were breached in many places; the bridge across the moat was falling piece by piece into the stagnant water beneath; the great gates had fallen from their massive hinges, leaving the weed-grown courtyard, that had once echoed to the tramp of prancing steeds and gallant knights, exposed to view; and a solitary mountain goat was standing on the marble steps cropping the grass that sprouted from every crevice.

The rooks kept up an incessant cawing around its dismantled towers; the wind wailed mournfully through its deserted chambers; and numberless vines robed the ancient

ruins in a living canopy of green, as though mocking its decay.

Not far from the castle was a small chapel. This had been kept in repair, and, every Sabbath, Father Darcy preached therein to those who wished to know the word of God.

In the vault beneath the sacred edifice slumbered the O'Haras, male and female, and their tombs were adorned with many strange devices, mingled with armorial bearings, heraldic designs, and knightly inscriptions.

But their ancient name was extinct—their glory had departed—and Time had placed them among the things that were.

* * * * *

High above the main body of the castellated ruin rose a solitary tower, that defied both Time and Tempest. Proudly it reared its mossy head, like a grim warrior amid the ruin of battle, frowning down on all around, its narrow-grated windows glaring like the eyes of an ogre whenever the pale moonbeams gilded its towering crest; and the superstitious peasants solemnly averred that it was haunted.

Be the tale true or false, strange noises were sometimes heard in the tower at midnight, a voice was heard chanting old ballads, the sweet strains of a harp floated on the air, and a tall figure appeared at the upper window, wearing a white robe, such as the Lady Geraldine wore when living. But the tower was not haunted—it was tenanted. An old woman had taken her abode there, but no one knew who she was, nor could they tell whence she came. She had suddenly appeared among them about a year previous to the opening of our tale, and she made her living by telling fortunes among the gentle folks, by singing, and playing the harp.

Many had questioned her; many had asked her name; many had asked from whence she came; but she gave them no information.

Thinking she ought to have a name, the peasants "christened" her "Mad Nancy," and by that title she was known among rich and poor.

It is a beautiful afternoon in early spring, and Nancy is seated on a low stool in the topmost chamber of the tower.

The apartment is about twenty feet square; the walls are rough stone; and the light steals in through a narrow-grated aperture, revealing the interior.

A bundle of rushes that are scattered on the floor in one corner, partly covered with a faded patchwork quilt, is her bed; a bag of mountain moss serves for a pillow.

A round table, three stools, and an enormous chest, is all the furniture the apartment contains.

In another corner there is a small hutch, in which is stored her dishes and food. Over the fireplace is a shelf, on which may be seen a human skull, a stuffed wolf, and the skin of a snake; and on the skull, with its great eyes glaring like rubies, is perched an owl—*living*. But the occupant of the haunted tower is the principal attraction, and we shall describe her.

She is about sixty years of age, over six feet in height, and strongly formed. She is robed in a long gown of green baize, secured at the waist by a broad leathern belt, from which dangles a short dagger.

Her features are fine, revealing in their delicate chiseling traces of former beauty. Her eyes are dark and piercing, and her long gray hair, falling over her shoulders in wild disorder, is interwoven with sea weed, gathered from the rocks.

Around her head is twined a laurel wreath, tastefully ornamented with daisies. A harp stands before her, and against the instrument her head rests in an attitude of deep dejection. Thus appeared Mad Nancy, as she sat in the haunted tower listening to the waves as they dashed on the distant beach.

After remaining thus for half an hour, she slowly raised her head, and indulged in the following soliloquy:

“They are rising again to battle for Liberty, heaven’s best gift to earth-born man. Erin’s brave sons have borne sorrow and suffering; their wives and children are starving; there is no work from their haughty oppressors; the cruel agents turn them from their little cabins; they tear them down, and leave the aged to perish by the roadside, without a roof to shelter their defenceless heads; desolation marks the path of the oppressor. Many fly for refuge to that *glorious Land*

beyond the sea, where there is work and bread for all, but those who cannot go must starve.

"Mary, Mother! how long must this continue? The Shamrock is trodden in the dust by the British Lion; the harp strings are broken; we are bound with slavery's galling chains; our prayers for work are unheeded; our moans for *bread* are scorned; our oppressors gloat over the misery they have wrought; and yet England's Sovereign is a woman; a *Christian* woman called by some; but she hates our race, her heart is adamant.

"Even *her own people are oppressed*, for every day, every week, every month, and every year, thousands of starving factory hands fly to America because they cannot toil from *sunrise till nine at night for eight cents*.

"Shame! shame! that every royal child should have a host of titles, and for each title receive enough of gold to feed the poor with bread, to clothe the ragged, to warm the freezing wretches who perish at their doors.

"But a great barrier is erected between the nobility and the people; the aristocrats fear it may be broken down, for if the people had their rights—if they had equal power—the nobles would be crushed; England would boast no haughty sovereign; the land would be under republican rule; there would be work and bread for all, even as there is in Washington's God-blessed land, to which we fly for refuge.

"There are brave hearts among Erin's sons, and if they would hide all religious animosity, if they would unite in brotherly love to battle for Erin's rights, our lovely isle might take her place among other nations of the earth, and our noble Emmett's epitaph be written."

For a moment she paused, then, after playing a wild prelude on the harp, in a voice of entrancing sweetness, she sang the following

SONG.

Erin mavourneen! island of sorrow—

In sadness thy daughters are weeping for thee:

The shamrock no life from the sunshine can borrow,

Because it shines not on the land of the free;

Our fathers and sons are arming for battle,
 Our lovers and brothers to aid them now fly,
 Protect them great God when the cannons shall rattle,
 They go for their country, to conquer or die

Erin mavourneen ! island of sorrow—

Once thou wert mighty, noble and free ;
 Thy daughters were fair, thy sons were all brave,
 No nation on earth *then* was greater than thee :
 Rise from thy sorrow in beauty and splendor,
 Wave thy "Green Sunburst" defiant on high ;
 Sons of the South, sons of the Northland,
 Gird on your swords—conquer or die.

The old woman's voice rose loud and shrill, and the last words echoed through the old castle's deserted halls, sounding high above the wind that wailed around the tower. The notes of her harp died away entrancingly, sounding like the whispered farewell of some loved one who is leaving us alone forever.

CHAPTER II.

THE FISHERMAN—THE FISHERMAN'S DAUGHTER—THE AGENT
 —THE SPY.

Before a cabin of larger dimensions than any of its neighbors, near sunset, a fisherman sat mending his nets.

He was about forty years of age ; rather below the average height of his countrymen ; strong as a lion ; and uncommonly handsome both in form and feature. His cheeks were rosy with health ; his chin was dimpled ; his mouth was small ; his eyes were blue ; and his forehead massive.

The mouth showed firmness ; the eyes foresight ; the forehead thought.

He was dressed in white duck pants, red woollen shirt, and on his curly head was jauntily perched a sailor's hat, decorated with a long, green ribbon, that fluttered in the breeze.

He seemed in no hurry with his work, though his nets were not half mended, and the sun was sinking behind St. Anthony's Nose.

He smoked his pipe lazily, and from time to time paused between two long whiffs, and ran his gaze along the white beach, gazing not at the huts of his poorer neighbors, nor at the Osprey's Nest, before which a party of the "quality" were bathing, but far beyond, to where a road led into the back country.

While he was thus occupied, a young girl about sixteen years of age came to the open door, and watched him in silence.

She was one of Erin's loveliest daughters, with fairy form, with haunting face, with witching eyes, and a luxuriant mass of raven hair, that hung in dancing curls around a spotless brow. Her dress was simple, as befitted her station, but her beauty eclipsed the humble garb.

"Will he come to-night?" she at length asked, in a rich, musical voice.

"Divil a know I know, an' divil a ha'porth I'd care, if it wasn't fur dhe poor chratures who havn't dhe rint for him," answered the man, without turning his head.

"Sure he can't expect any money from the tenants, when they havn't had a day's work to earn it. Why, father, Lord Banker hasn't given any man work since the first Fenian was arrested, and some of his tenants are starving."

A scowl contracted the man's brow.

"Dhat's dhe way wid dhem all, dear—iv'ry land-owned among them; an' if dhere had been work, if dhere had been bread fur dhim dhat's starvin', dhere wouldn't have been any Fenians dhis day in Ireland.

"Dhere's English landlords; dhere's Scotch landlords; an' dhere's Irish landlords: but dhere's no difference between dhem. Dhey are all sthrivin' to crush dheir poor tenants, in iv'ry possible way.

"First, dhey give dhem work, an' fwhat dhe poor chratures make is torn ffrom dhem by taxes. Dhen comes a bad s'ason fur dhe crops—dhey have nayther food nor rins money—dhe landlords turn dhem out on dhe roadside, to

stharve an' die—their cabins are torn down, an' dhim dhat can get to Ameriky fares well, thank God! but dhim who can't"—

He paused, and a heavy sigh struggled up from his broad breast as fearful memories thronged before his mental vision.

"Holy mother! but it's maddenin' whin wan thinks iv our wrongs; an' I many times wondher fwhy God allows it at all."

"We can't understand any thing God does, and we shouldn't be trying to when it's impossible. The time may come when Ireland will be free—if not, the poor shall be rich in the kingdom of heaven, and there our oppressors shall receive everlasting punishment," said the fair girl.

"D—n dhem, dhey shall be punished in dhis world!" exclaimed the fisherman, savagely, "an' dhe hour is near at hand whin millions of slaves will t'row off dhe galling yoke of oppression, rind asundher dhe chains of shlavery, an' dhrive dheir inemies fhlyin' ffrom ould Erin's soil!

"Whin Ameriky frees *nagur* shlaves, it's time ould John Bull freed hees *fwhite* slaves, I'm thinkin'.

"Tare an' ages! dhe candle-'atin' Rooshians have freed dheir serfs, an' it's time ourselves ought to enjoy liberty. If we can't be given our rights, bedad we must fight like other min an' other nations.

"Blood an' ouns! an Irishman mustn't be behind serfs an' nagurs."

The girl was about to laugh at her father's remark, but the fisherman suddenly drew something from his breast and held it aloft, exclaiming, proudly:

"D'ye know fwhat dhat is?"

Her cheeks paled, for the article flashed in the declining light, and she knew at once what it was.

"It's an Irish pike-head, with axe and hook attached," she replied. "Saints defend us from harm! Where did you get it?"

"I made it, acushla, an' more dhan a hundhred besides—enough to supply all Lord Banker's tinants, whin our chief gives us dhe ordher to rise. If ould John Bull had a prod of dhis betune dhe ribs, divil anudher pound o' beef he'd

ate, or sorra anudher mug o' ale wud he pour down hees dirty t'roat."

"You rake pikes? Father, I never knew this before—and should any person betray you, your life would be taken by Dirken's dragoons, who are scouring the country in every direction, arresting those who are suspected, and bribing men to give them information. Give me the pike, for it may be found in your possession."

She held out her hand, but he drew back the pike and thrust it in his bosom.

"No, no, Nell, you can't have dhat," he said, "fur I must put a handle in it, an' be rheady fur dhe dhrill to-morrow night."

"My God! have you been mad enough to join the Fenians? Oh, what will become of me if you are imprisoned—or killed? Who would protect your own Nell then? Throw away that horrid weapon, and leave the misguided band you have joined! When aid arrives from America, when our chief and his armies take the field, then it will be time enough to go—but wait and see, for my sake—oh, father, do?"

"I'm bound by an oath, an' if I bhreak dhat oath dhe Fani-ans'll murder me. Say no more, fur yondher comes dhe agent wid hees thievin' gang. Go inside, dear."

The twilight shadows were fast deepening. The surrounding objects were growing somewhat indistinct; the saucy craft still rocked gently on the waters; the old salt still sat on the deck smoking; the bathers were sitting on the veranda before the Osprey's Nest, listening to an antediluvian harpsichord played by some amateur in the parlor; the peasants and fishermen were lounging about the hut doors, cursing their oppressors; and old Ocean's waves thundered on the sandy beach its unceasing anthem to ages past.

Such was the scene that greeted the eyes of Joe Dasher, Lord Banker's agent and tax gatherer, as he rode along the beach, followed by four servants in shining livery. They were all mounted and armed; for the brutal agent was hated

by the tenantry—not without cause—as our reader will soon see.

The poor people were expecting him, and when he came in sight every brow was clouded, every heart was sad.

“The schoundrel,” muttered an old man, who was feeding a mule beside his cabin, “I’d like to dhrive bullets through hees skull, dhe unfeelin’ brute!”

“We’ll be turned out dhis night,” muttered a cripple, as he hobbled into another cabin, to tell them the agent had arrived from —.

“Wirra, wirra, baby dear,” moaned a pale woman, clasping her wailing infant to her breast, *whose fount was dry in want of food*, “fwhere will I rest my head this night?”

“God’s holy will be done! I have but a few hours to live; dhe death-pain is gnawin’ at me old heart, an’ maybe he’ll l’ave me to die in my bed. Ax him,” gasped old Patsy Cloony, as his trembling wife bathed his burning brow.

These, and similar expressions were uttered in every cabin, while children cowered in dark corners, dreading the sound of the agent’s voice.

Poverty reigned in every cabin—for there had been no work in months. The land-owners feared the Fenian insurrection, and took immediate measures to weaken their poor tenants by starving them; and in no better manner could they have done it than by depriving them of every occupation that gave them bread.

Lord Banker’s tenants laughed. “We can live on the fish in Kilkieran Bay till our chief ordhers us out,” they cried, but our chief didn’t “ordher” them out, and when the quarter’s rent was due they found out “fish wouldn’t pay ft.”

Lord Banker’s agent rode by the bathing-house in gallant style, and three or four gentlemen of questionable character recognized him by a nod.

The door of the nearest cabin was open, and in an instant he drew rein before it, nearly riding over the humble proprietor, who was hastening forth to meet him, hat in hand.

“Jem Noonan?”

"Yis, yer honor."

"Hand out a quarter's rent!"

"Sure, sir, Lord Banker knows I havn't wan ha'penny in dhe world, an'"—

"Shut up!" thundered the agent. "To-morrow we'll drive away your mule and pig. After that we shall burn the shanty; therefore you had best find shelter before my men come. No praying to me! Go to Father Darcy, you ragged Fenian! Forward, men!"

Cabin after cabin they visited, and every tenant received notice to quit, for among them all *not one* had the rent money; and Lord Banker had given orders to eject every one, knowing they had on place to lay their heads.

Long before the agent's work was ended he was in a furious rage, striking men, women, and children with his riding-whip. The last cabin he visited was old Clooney's, and the poor man was near death. His wife came to the door, her hands upraised, her hair disheveled, and alarm depicted in every feature.

"Rent!" was the brutal salutation that the agent growled, as she began to explain how matters stood within.

"Me ould man is dyin' wid dhe fever, an' fur God's sake let his sowl depart in peace," she pleaded, in agonizing accents.

"He is always dying, and the devil hasn't got him yet. The money I must have; and if you don't shell out, down goes your shanty. I'll make an example of one blasted Fenian to strike terror into their hearts. Fork over from your old stocking where the money is stowed to buy pikes."

Dasher's attendants laughed. They were afraid of him, therefore they grinned at everything he said, to please him.

The sufferer heard their conversation, and groaned aloud. In his anxiety to speak to the brutal agent he endeavored to raise, but his strength failed him, and he fell prostrate on the floor, while his old wife was clinging to Dasher's stirrups, begging them to leave them until the old man died.

"Fwhat's dhat? Wirra, wirra, wirra! Mary, Mother, but he's lyin' dead on dhe floore," shrieked the terrified crea-

ture, and rushing into the cabin, she threw herself prostrate on the floor beside him, moaning in agonizing accents:

"Oh! Patsey, Patsey, darlint, have ye gone fhrum me forever? Spake wanst more! Take me hand in yer own again!

"Wan luk fhrum yer lovin' eyes, wan kiss fhrum yer lips, before dhe angels bear ye away!"

There came no answer to this mournful wail. The old man lay motionless, with the light of an expiring candle falling on his attenuated form and ghastly features. She grasped his hand. It gave back a feeble pressure, and, with the last death-struggle he arose to a sitting posture, his eyes glaring frightfully in their hollow sockets.

Tenderly, passionately, he kissed the aged dame, who had shared Life's joys and sorrows with him for thirty years, then throwing his arms wildly aloft, he shouted in frenzied tones:

"Down wid dhe tyrant! Ireland an' Liberty! Ould Ireland forever!"

This was all he said. This was the last struggle of dying humanity; then came the death-rattle, and the weary spirit burst the Oppressor's chain, and soared away to the "Better Land," the Land of Eternal Liberty, the Land of Light, Love, and Joy; where no one starves, and the Bread of Life is free to all.

Thousands of such scenes are enacted every day, and thousands annually perish in the sight of plenty, unallowed to gather the crumbs that fall from the rich man's table; starving, while feasts of choice viands deck "Dhe Masthers" board, and gentlemen's hounds eat the food the peasants would toil for.

Joe Dasher heard Old Clooney's last words, and saw him die. He had dismounted, and stood in the doorway, with the bridle of his horse over his arm.

"One Fenian less," he exclaimed, when the old man fell backward, and in a moment he was in the saddle.

"Dismount, and throw everything that shanty contains on the roadside!"

"Work lively men, and when the hovel is cleared, burn it to the ground. I'll show these ragged rascals a sample of

what they may expect to-morrow. Have no fear, for these starving *water-rats* dare not harm you.

"Dirkem and twenty dragoons are at the Osprey's Nest, ready to massacre the first man among them who dare raise his head like an honest man. Fire away! and you will find me at Emmett Clare's cottage, talking with his pretty daughter, Nell. Refreshments will await you."

Joe Dasher rode away, and a volley of curses followed him from the peasants who had gathered near in awe-struck groups to witness this last act of brutality.

His orders were strictly obeyed; the few articles of furniture were dashed out and broken; the corpse was borne away by four rude peasants, who begged the privilege; and as the weeping woman followed her husband's remains to a neighboring cabin, the fire from her own rude hut cast a lurid glare on the sandy beach, revealing a party of dragoons who were in search of suspected Fenians.

As Joe Dasher approached the fisherman's cottage, a dark figure bounded suddenly forth from behind a rock, and swinging a heavy bludgeon high in air, he knocked the horseman senseless from the saddle; then leaping on the terrified steed, he dashed away like the wind.

The fisherman and his daughter saw what occurred from the cottage door.

"I've settled him for this night, and I've captured a fast horse for our chief," shouted the man, as he rode past. "Farewell, Emmett Clare! Good bye, Nell! If any one inquires who leveled Joe Dasher, tell them it was the Fenian Spy!"

A loud laugh rang out, and the figure vanished in the gloom.

"Poor Neil! He is too rash, too daring, and I'm afraid Dirkem's dragoons will capture him in some of his mad adventures," exclaimed Nell Clare.

"Capture dhe divil, or a witch on a broomstick," replied her father. "Begarra, I shouldnt be surprised to hear dhat himself an' Stephens war both in London, raisin' mischief undher the queen's nose before long.

"But go inside, darlin', while I inform Dasher's min he's

lyin' fur dead on dhe beach. In wid ye, an' don't be frettin' about your Sphy lover."

So saying, Emmett Clare hastened toward the burning cabin.

CHAPTER III.

LORD BANKER—THE LADY AGNES O'HARA—THE FENIAN SPY—A DARING DEED.

Lord Banker was a young man, and the owner of a splendid estate, situated a few miles from Kilkieran Bay.

His parents were dead, and having neither brother nor sister to share his possessions, his wealth far exceeded that of any landed proprietor in that section of country. Adjoining his lands was the O'Hara Manor, owned by Brian Dhu O'Hara, "the proudest Irish gentleman," as he himself said, "in all Ireland."

Lord Banker was paying court to the Lady Agnes O'Hara, the proud gentleman's only child, and it was reported among the knowing ones that they were soon to be wedded.

On the evening on which Joe Dasher was knocked senseless from his horse, Lord Banker and his betrothed were strolling in O'Hara's grand old park, talking the same soft nothing that all lovers talk *once* in life, be their station high or low.

Far back from the roadside stood the monkish mansion, with turrets and towers, wings and quadrangles, that made it resemble an old, Elizabethian castle. In front was the park, with its giant trees, a century old, its winding walks, its graveled drive, its velvet turf, o'er which the youthful pair walked with unheard footstep, startling sometimes a hare, while scores of deer gazed fearlessly at them as they passed, and gaudy-plumaged birds envied the changing colors of Lady Agnes' silken robe.

Lord Banker had passed a pleasant afternoon, and he was about to start for home, anxious to hear his agent's report.

The fair girl walked with him to the park gates, where a stable-boy was waiting with his horse.

"Anything new about the Fenians?" asked Agnes, as they strolled leisurely along.

"Nothing to alarm us. We hear of meetings and drills at midnight in mountainous districts, aid from America, together with many other incredible tales, and there it ends. Some few arrests have been made, and the government spies are everywhere vigilant, gaining information from traitorous Fenians in their very midst. But there are two men I would like to see hung, for two more daring devils never lived."

"And who are these men you hate so much?"

"One is the far-famed Centre, and the other is Neil Connor, the Fenian Spy, whose daring adventures are the theme of every tongue."

"I admire him for his daring," said the Lady Agnes—"and where is he now?"

"That is a hard question to answer; but he was last seen in Oughterard, peddling flannel. He assumes many disguises, and is never long in one place. I would give a hundred pounds to see him."

"I'll take the money, my lord, *for here I am!*" exclaimed a hoarse voice.

The Lady Agnes screamed, and Lord Banker turned quickly about, placing himself before his betrothed.

There in the moonlight, about five paces distant, stood an old man with long gray hair, wearing a long gray cloak, that completely concealed his form. Both arms were extended, and both hands held a horseman's pistol presented. Lord Banker was astounded at the man's daring, and for a moment he stood like a statue, motionless, speechless.

"I am in something of a hurry; take a good look at me; then I'll accept your purse and depart," said the Spy.

"If I was armed you wouldn't escape: I would blow your brains out," fiercely exclaimed the enraged gentleman.

"I am waiting for the money. If you do not produce it while I am counting ten, I'll blow your brains out."

"One—two"—

"Curses on you! take my purse, but you shall swing for this," hissed Lord Banker, as he extended a net-work bag, well filled with gold, at arm's length.

The Spy grasped it, weighed it a moment in his hand, and then thrust it into a pouch under his left arm. "You have seen me, and you have paid dear for the sight. Interfere with any of my future movements, and you will lose your life. Remember, I have warned you.

"And now my lord, good evening! You have a fine horse at the gates, and as I have a long journey before me, while you have only a short distance to go, I must have the animal.

"If I never return the beast, send in your bill to Congress, when the Fenian Republic is established, and it'll be paid."

A fearful oath broke from the gentleman's pallid lips, and he started toward the gates to save his favorite racer; but the Spy bounded after him, and with one tremendous blow, felled him to the earth, then hastening out at the great gates, he tripped up the stable boy, mounted Lord Banker's horse, and rode away.

"A good haul for the Fenian Treasury, and two good horses for our officers," exclaimed the gallant Spy, as he gave the racer free rein.

"If Old Ireland's in chains, I'm a free man at least. Tear ahead, racer! for a better man than Lord Banker is in the saddle now. Tear ahead!"

Onward he rode until he reached a black common, and turning aside from the main road, he sped across the level plain until a solitary cabin appeared in sight, the only *humble* habitation for miles around.

This he soon reached, and a man met him at the door.

"Where is the other horse?" inquired the Spy.

"Tied in the thicket at the cross roads, sur."

"Very well; I'll take the animal along with me. If any one inquires whether I passed this way or not, tell them yes. Good night, Andy!"

"Good night, sur."

Again the Spy sped onward, and the man entered the cabin, muttering:

"Well, well, dhat Neil Connor beats dhe ould boy fur

impudence an' darin'! To think iv him takin' dhe agent's horse on Kilkieran beach, an' ridin' off wid Lord Banker's racer, Black Bess, under hees very nose, an' all dhe same night, too. Ha, ha, ha! I shouldn't be wan bit surprised if he tuk dhe chrown from dhe Quane's head when all dhe Parli'ment war sittin' 'round her! God protect him, anyhow, an' dhe saints betune him an' harm fwhever he goes."

Andy Martin closed the door, and laid down on his bed of rushes to sleep, while a gaunt wolf-dog watched beside him.

Before noon on the following day an advertisement was in the country papers, in which was offered a large reward for the Fenian Spy, dead or alive.

Mounted men rode through every neighboring town and village, posting large bills in every conspicuous place, describing the appearance of Neil Connor, and officers were on his track in every direction.

Lord Banker's tenants were not ejected, for the gentleman feared to exasperate them too much after what had occurred—he feared they might take his life.

Joe Dasher walked about nursing a sore head, and as he walked, he wished all Fenians were in a place we will not name.

Old Clooney was buried, and menacing scowls were given to the richly-attired dragoons who rode up and witnessed the interment.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SECRET MEETING—THE TWO INTRUDERS—"OLD IRELAND AND LIBERTY."

It was midnight, and a small band of Fenian patriots had met together in an underground chamber beneath O'Hara's ruined castle. The apartment was about sixty feet long, and forty feet wide; the roof was lofty; but the floor and walls, built of rough brown stone, was wet with the dampness that continually accumulated.

This chamber had been used to confine prisoners in when the old Irish kings fought among themselves, and the O'Hara's wore purple and crimson ; when Erin was greater than her sister isle, whose chains she now clanks in servile bondage.

An iron lamp, that was suspended by a chain from the ceiling, in the centre of the chamber, gave a dim light, that make surrounding objects appear like phantoms in black. Beneath the lamp stood a small table, covered with green baize—spread out on the table was a tattered Irish flag—and beside it the glorious banner of Columbia—the stars and stripes, with the stars *undivided*.

A harp with broken strings was fastened upright in the middle, and around the harp was twined a *rusty chain*. Perched on the harp was a carved *eagle*, holding in its beak a bunch of *withered shamrock*.

At the head of the table sat Mad Nancy, writing rapidly, her cloak wrapped closely about her form, and one lock of gray hair trailing on the paper. The walls were adorned with pikes, some fresh and bright, as though they were just made, others rusty, showing they had been on the damp wall a long time.

Two large chests stood in one corner, but what they contained the author could not tell, without revealing the “grand secret” of the “Brotherhood.” Time will show their contents, and *the nations will be startled*.

“Good names, and true,” murmured Mad Nancy, as she folded the paper on which she had been writing, and hid it beneath her mantle. “Good names, and true ; men who are willing to peril life and fortune with us—men who will not flinch from danger when it comes.”

There was a rumbling sound that echoed strangely in the vaulted chamber ; a stone moved slowly out from the solid masonry, and six men entered, one after the other, without speaking.

In a few moments others followed, by twos, threes, and singly, until twenty-four stood in the apartment, conversing in whispers.

“Better late than never !” exclaimed a manly voice, and a

handsome man, wearing the jaunty garb of a sailor, leaped through the aperture, closing it behind him.

He bowed to the men standing by, and having shaken hands with Mad Nancy, he drew a stool from under the table, threw his "tarpaulin" on the flags, and said:

"I have but five minutes to stay, for three fugitives from Dublin are on the coast near Beetle Inlet, closely pursued by English bloodhounds. I must sail for that point and rescue them before they are captured."

"Who gave you information?" inquired Nancy.

"Neil Connor, the Spy. I met him while on my way hither, and I had a hearty laugh at his appearance."

"Anything new, Captain?" asked one of the bystanders.

The Captain ran his eye over the faces of the men rapidly, and after saying, "All right," he answered the question.

"New? Something *entirely* new. The daring Spy was dressed in Lord Banker's livery"—

"See that!"

"An' the fun of it was, he carried a roll of placards under his arm, which he posted everywhere among his enemies, offering a reward for his own arrest."

"Hurrah, fur Neil!" exclaimed a stout fellow, who had listened with mouth agape while the Captain was talking.

"Begarra, he's dhe lad," chimed in another.

"Ye may well say dhat," added Fenian No. 3.

"He even visited the Osprey's Nest, and denounced the Fenians in strong language while tacking up a placard in a room full of gentlemen, besides four of Dirkem's dragoons."

A murmur of admiration arose, but it was checked when the Captain drew a paper from his pocket, and read aloud:

"Important News from America—Continued Success of the Fenians—O'Mahony Addresses a Tremendous Gathering—Meetings Held by the Brotherhood in Every State—Money Subscribed by all Classes—Millions in the Fenian Treasury—Millions More Flowing in Like Water—Ladies Pawning all Valuable Jewelry and Diamonds—Laborers Giving their Last Dollar to Aid the Glorious Cause—Servant Girls Giving their Last Stamp—Muskets, Rifles, and Ammunition—A

Fleet Nearly Ready for Sea—Canada Sure to be Taken by Sweeny by Patrick's Day—Terror Throughout England—John Bull Quaking with Fear."

How eagerly they listened to the "news," those hardy, honest men; and their bosoms heaved, their cheeks glowed, their eyes flashed in anticipation of the coming conflict, that was to set them free.

Afar off, in imagination, they beheld the field of bloody strife, and they longed to be there.

When Captain Moran finished reading, each man paid in the small sum he had collected, gave him valuable information, and mentioned the names of several friends who wished to join the Brotherhood.

"Bring them with you to our next meeting, and they shall be sworn. We meet on Thursday, at midnight, in the cave behind St. Anthony's Nose. No stranger can enter *this* place. I must leave you now; but be faithful, vigilant, and active until we meet again."

"Faithful, vigilant, and active," repeated a deep, sepulchral voice, that came from beneath them.

Mad Nancy bounded to her feet, and drew two pistols from under her cloak. Captain Moran followed her example, producing two similar weapons. The Fenian Brothers fell back a pace, as though a bomb had exploded in their midst, and every eye was fixed upon the floor, from under which the strange voice sounded.

"We have been betrayed!" exclaimed Mad Nancy.

"Stand firm, and we will sell our lives dearly," said the Captain.

"Dearly when the hour for action comes," exclaimed the voice again.

"Don't fire on poor Neil Connor," cried another voice, and a large flag in the floor moved from its place, revealing a dark cavity, through which the air rushed, cold and chill.

While the Fenians were spell-bound with astonishment, the Spy sprang nimbly into their presence, followed by another with gray hair, gray whiskers, tattered garb, bearing on his shoulders a pedlar's pack.

"Whom have we here—have you forgotten our rules, Neil?" asked Captain Moran, somewhat sharply.

"I forget nothing, sir. This gentleman is a good and true Fenian," laughingly replied the Spy. "Please introduce yourself, my friend."

The stranger threw aside his battered hat, his whiskers, and his wig, and bowed low.

There was no mistaking that fine form, that head which seemed cast in bronze, that high forehead, and those piercing eyes, that seemed to transfix them with their gaze. For a moment the assembled Fenians regarded him in spell-bound amazement; then the Irish heart burst forth in a wild, ringing hurrah.

"Ould Ireland, Stephens, and Liberty!" was the cry. Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!"

The wall of the gloomy cavern echoed back the sound, but at a signal from him they became silent.

And then they crowded about him, shaking and kissing his hand; dancing for joy; manifesting their delight in different ways, until the man's heart was too full for utterance, and he turned away and wept. Yes, he wept while standing amid that small band of faithful adherents, who had solemnly sworn to peril their lives for their country's freedom. It was a touching scene, and one to be remembered, whether their cause prosper or fail.

But the chief's time was precious. He was paying a flying visit to every county in Ireland, and he did not forget the humblest of his adherents.

He had matured his plans in Dublin, amid his enemies, and walked boldly through the streets in disguise, often conversing with the officers who were on his track; often mingling in their company, and through every danger he escaped.

Was there not some Power that guided and guarded him in his wanderings? Verily, we *know* it; for his many perilous adventures, his numberless hair-breadth escapes were miraculous.

He addressed the little band briefly, and then they separated; Stephens, Captain Moran, and the Spy going toward

the coast, while the others dispersed in different directions to their homes.

Mad Nancy was the last to leave. She extinguished the light, and sought the old tower, murmuring, as she crossed the old courtyard, where ruin and desolation reigned:

“Old Ireland and Liberty!”

CHAPTER V.

WAYLAID—A DESPERATE STRUGGLE—ANDY MARTIN AND THE DOG “SHAMROCK.”

Under cover of the darkness the chief embarked with Capt. Moran, after bidding adieu to the Spy beneath an overhanging rock on the beach near St. Anthony's Nose.

The Spy watched the little boat until the waves hid it from view, and then he clambered up a shelving ledge of granite to the level plateau above, struck into a well-known path, and hastened away toward the open country.

He soon reached the main road that led to Kearney Cross, and the moonbeams illumed his lonely way. He was going to visit Andy Martin, whose cabin was four miles distant, on the moor, that lay spread out like a map, beyond Lord Banker's estate.

We have mentioned Andy Martin before. The Spy halted at his cabin a moment on the night he robbed Lord Banker in O'Hara's Park.

Being a rapid walker he soon reached the moor, and on the outskirts he halted to wipe the perspiration from his brow. The young lord's mansion was visible far away amid the trees, the headlands of Kilkieran loomed up in the background, and the desolate moor stretched away before him for five miles, with here and there a stunted tree to relieve the bleak monotony.

Clumps of furze and hazel grew by the roadside, showing that the soil was not altogether unproductive, but no plough had ever broken the ground, and no agriculturist had ever

endeavored to cultivate the barren waste, that under proper supervision, would have yielded bountiful crops after two years' care.

A gentleman who was once travelling through that part of the country, asked a peasant sitting by the roadside, if they ever raised anything on that waste land?

"Aye, indade we do, sur."

"What?"

"Well," replied the ragged wayfarer, as he removed a stumpy pipe from his mouth, and gazed up at the horseman from under the tattered rim of his battered hat: "We generally raise dhe divil."

The American rode on, after tossing the man a silver coin, perfectly satisfied that his answer was true.

Having rested, the Spy started across the moor; but he had not gone many paces ere he was startled by a stealthy footstep behind him, and turning, he beheld four men approaching rapidly. One was in advance of the rest, armed with a heavy club, or bludgeon. When the ruffian saw that he was discovered, he raised his club, and rushed at the Spy, determined that he should not escape.

Neil Connor, who was brave as a lion, was resolved to give them battle. He was used to danger, and many a time he had been in a "tighter fix" than that.

"Surrender, in the queen's name!" shouted the ruffian, and his companions hastened forward to aid him.

"Fool!" retorted the Spy, contemptuously, and quicker than thought he drew a pistol from his breast and leveled it.

There was a ringing report—the villain threw up both arms—the club dropped from his grasp—and he fell heavily on the ground.

With a yell of rage the other three rushed forward to avenge their comrade, and the Spy saw that they were all armed alike.

"Surrender!" cried one.

"Beat his brains out!" yelled another.

"Don't harm him, for we were ordered to take him alive!" screamed the hindmost.

"Back, back, I say! The next man who approaches

shall die!" exclaimed Neil, and another pistol was pointed at the advancing foe.

They heeded not his warning, and again he fired, dropping another assailant. He had barely time to put himself in an attitude of defence when the foe was upon him.

They aimed furious blows at him, but by turning and dodging with wonderful agility, he managed to save his head, until an unlucky stroke rendered his left arm powerless.

The tide of battle was turned against him, and he would doubtless have been captured, for his adversaries were strong men, incited to bravery by the promise of a large reward—but aid was at hand.

A wild "halloo" sounded near, and the next moment a man bounded forward, leveling one ruffian with his fist. Behind him came a gaunt wolf-dog, and the faithful animal sprang like a tiger upon the last remaining foe, burying his teeth in the man's throat, and bearing him heavily to the earth.

"Hurroo!" shouted the new-comer. "Ould Ireland forever! Seize him, Shamrock! Hould him, me boy! Rise up, some o' yese, an' fight me, ye cowardly divils, fur I'm ghrowin' rusty fur dhe want iv use.

"Ould Ireland, Fanianism, an' Liberty forever! How are ye, me fri'nd?" he added, turning to Neil.

"For God's sake, save that man! The dog is killing him!" shouted the Spy.

Andy Martin turned and dragged Shamrock from the prostrate wretch—his throat was fearfully lacerated, and the savage animal's muzzle was dripping with blood.

Shamrock growled and endeavored to break loose, but a heavy blow calmed his rage, and then the two turned to examine the wounded. They were startled by a party of mounted dragoons, who were seen afar off, and the Spy exclaimed:

"We must run for our lives!"

"Come on dhin," said Andy, "an' as my cabin isn't safe quarters, we'll cut across dhe counthry to Mad Nancy's."

A shout from the advancing dragoons announced that they

were discovered, and both set off at full speed across the barren moor.

The horsemen gave pursuit, but the fleet-footed fugitives gained the bogs beyond the plain and escaped through them by a well-known route to the mountainous country bordering on the wave-washed coast.

Travel-soiled and weary, they reached the ruined castle at sunrise, and Mad Nancy prepared them an humble meal while the Spy related his adventure.

After satisfying the demands of hunger, they lay down to sleep on the bed of rushes, while Nancy went forth to hear the gossip among the "quality," who bathed at an early hour. She was attired in the same garb worn when introduced to our readers, and in a green bag she carried her harp.

We will leave her on the way, with the gay laughter of the bathers floating on the breeze as she wandered leisurely along the pebbly shore.

CHAPTER VI.

JOE DASHER MAKES A DECLARATION OF LOVE—NELL'S

REJECTION—DASHER'S THREAT.

Nell Clare was returning from the beach that morning. She had accompanied her father to the shore, and watched him launch his light bark on the sparkling waves; watched him as he hoisted the snowy sail; watched the boat as it glided over the vast expanse of waters like a thing of life; watched until it disappeared in the distance, fading from her vision, until it seemed but a speck on the open bay, far, far away.

She had accompanied him thus for many years, kissing his bronzed cheek when he departed, and welcoming him back with smiles when he returned; but she had never thought: He is growing old. The time may come when he will return no more.

Youth and happiness were hers, and no cloud of sorrow had ever dimmed the sunlight of her joy.

Youth—glorious youth! Would that its pleasures might last forever!

But Time brings disappointment and sorrow to all; and all must cross the dark river of Death!

Well is it for those who trust in Him that can save our souls when the dark hour cometh, for there is no sorrow, parting, pain or death in the Eternal World.

Nell Clare was very beautiful, but she never looked lovelier than on that summer morning.

Her form was displayed in all its fullness by a tight-fitting bodice of black velvet, ornamented with scarlet braid; and her kirtle of green fell in graceful folds about her rounded limbs, the lower extremities, and the small feet, encased in dainty gaiters, being exposed whenever the wind played roguish pranks along the shore. Her teeth were like pearls—her lips resembled twin rosebuds—her eyes sparkled like diamonds—and the morning walk had imparted a peach-like bloom to her cheeks.

Her hair hung in a luxuriant mass of wavy ringlets over her shoulders, and the wind tossed them sportively about with invisible fingers.

Her bewitching smile would have shaken the saintship of an anchorite, and Father Darcy oftentimes forgot his religious duties when he stopped for half an hour at her father's cottage.

Yes, she was *very* beautiful; everybody thought so; and why shouldn't Joe Dasher think so, too, as he watched her tripping over the white sand, where the impress of her foot was just visible as he followed her?

She was as good as beautiful; she had a pleasant word for all; and at every sick bed you might be sure to find her; in every cabin her presence was like sunshine; and a multitude of prayers ascended daily to the throne of grace that God would bless her through life, and save her in heaven.

It is noble to lead such a life! It is happiness to be thus loved by those around us!

Joe Dasher followed her, we said. He had watched unda

the fisherman sailed away, and when Nell retraced her steps toward the cottage, he walked slowly after her. For what? To learn his fate, as many a lover has done before him; and many more will do while the world stands.

He had known Emmett Clare and his daughter five years, and Nell had coquetted with him until she learned his true character, then she despised him.

He had dressed himself with unusual care. Not a wrinkle marred the beauty of his hunting-coat; his breeches showed well formed limbs; his high-topped boots, adorned with yellow tassels, shone brightly with "Day & Martin's" blacking; his hair was artistically arranged; and he was very presentable.

Ah! I am mistaken. I had forgotten the blow that felled him from his horse. A silk handkerchief was bound tightly about his brow, and hid the ugly wound, that gave him an *interesting* appearance. So he thought himself, and young lovers always like to appear interesting.

But another thing I must tell you: he had that morning made an *important discovery*; he saw the fisherman hide something before he went away, and that *something* he had in his possession.

He determined to make good use of it. What it was, and how he succeeded you shall soon learn.

Before our heroine entered the cottage she turned to gaze back at the beautiful bay, on whose waters the sunlight was falling, making the waves glow with a thousand rainbow tints, and she beheld the agent marching along with pompous air, whistling "God Save the Queen."

An angry frown clouded her brow. He came up smiling. He raised his hat and bowed. She returned his respectful salutation coldly, and not wishing him to enter the cottage, sat down on an upturned boat, in full view of the gentlemen who were strolling on the beach with their families.

"Good morning, Nell!"

"Miss Clare, if you please, sir."

"Ha! ha! Miss Clare? Deuced good that, upon my word. I have come over this morning to have a little con-

versation, and I am glad you are not occupied with household care."

"I am going to work now; I have a coat to make for Brian McMannus, who is crippled with the rheumatism, so you may call another time when my father is here to entertain you."

"Nay, but you must answer two or three questions before I go."

"Must?"

"Well, you will."

"Three questions. Let them be short, and my answers shall be the same, then there will not be much time lost," she replied, saucily.

He colored, and bit his lips to conceal his rage, thinking: "She carries herself proudly, but I have the power to humble her pride."

He began the attack boldly, and the abruptness of his question amazed her.

Seating himself on the boat near her, he folded his arms, gazed steadily in her face, and asked:

"Nell Clare, do you love me?"

"Love *you*!" she echoed the words scornfully, and after returning his glance unwaveringly, she added: "I would as soon love Satan."

"Very well. Will you be my wife?"

"Mr. Dasher, are you mad?" she exclaimed, rising with an air of offended dignity, her dark eyes flashing, and her cheeks flushed. "Be your *wife*! Rather than become your wife I would wed a Hottentot. You have been taking too much wine I think."

The insult stung him, for he was very proud. His face became ghastly, and he trembled like an aspen. Had no one been in sight he could have murdered her.

There was a lurking devil in his eye, and she shrank from him.

Mastering his passion, he asked again:

"Do you love another?"

"I do; one who is noble and good," she answered, proudly.

"You shall never wed him!" he hissed, savagely, and he, too, arose in his passion. "Hear me, Nell Clair. I love you madly, and no man shall steal you from me. If any rival stands between me and my love, by the Heaven that is above me, he shall die. You must marry me! I will never give you up," he cried, vehemently, and the fair girl shuddered at his anger, shrinking further and further away as he advanced toward her; moving from the cottage, that she might escape him in his madness.

"Come no nearer! Would you harm me? If you approach me I will cry for help, and the gentlemen yonder will hear me!"

"Harm you?" he repeated, "I wouldn't harm you for the world. Do not fear me; but again I repeat you must be my bride, Nell Clare. I can compel you to consent to our union."

A triumphant smile curled his thin lip as he uttered these words.

"Compel me? Begone, and insult me no longer, for I will not endure your unmanly threats. I am mistress of my own heart, and I give my affections to whom I choose."

She was moving away, and he determined to use his power.

"Did you ever see this before?" he inquired, drawing a pike-head from his breast.

For a moment sense and strength seemed deserting her; she staggered forward and rested her hand on the boat for support, while everything faded from her sight. His hour of triumph had come at last.

"Where, oh! where did you find that?" she gasped.

"I found it under the door-sill—I saw your father put it there before he went away this morning—I watched until you accompanied him to the beach—then I stole from behind yonder rock, where I was concealed, and took the weapon from its cosy nook.

"The sill slides in and out like the cover of a box, and it is a cunning invention truly. Ha! ha!"

"What will you do with it? Give it to me! Throw it

into the water, and let it sink forever from sight," sobbed the frightened girl, clasping her hands appealingly.

"Ha! ha! I am not such a fool," said Joe Dasher, grinning. "I mean to keep it; it is the sceptre with which I shall rule you, my pretty bird: I wouldn't part with it for all Lord Banker's wealth. Now, then, I'll give you one more chance, because I don't wish to be mean—I don't wish to take an unfair advantage of the girl I love. Let us have a final settlement, and afterward I shall know what course to pursue."

Nellie Clare wept in silence, and Joe Dasher smiled in triumph.

"Your father is a Fenian," he said, calmly.

"No, no, no!" she sobbed.

"This concealed pike is sufficient evidence to convict him, send him to prison, transport him, or hang him. If you will solemnly promise by all you hold sacred, by your hope of eternal salvation to marry me, you may have the weapon; but if you refuse, I will march straight to the Osprey's Nest, give the prize to Captain Dirkem, tell him where I found it, and if your father don't swing, call me a liar afterwards.

"I await your answer. Think well before you decide."

"Oh, Mr. Dasher, have pity, have mercy, and do not harm my poor father, for he is all I have to love on earth! He is my friend, my protector, my guide, and you will not injure him because I cannot love you," moaned Nell.

"Will you save him? Will you be my wife?"

"Is there no other alternative? Is your heart adamant? Be manly, and may God bless you."

"Will you be my wife? Remember, I am asking you the last time."

For a moment she raised her tearful eyes to heaven, and her lips murmured, as if in prayer; then all color parted from her cheeks; a stony calmness overspread her face, and she replied:

"Do your worst, heartless villain! For the last time I answer—no!"

The words were wailed out agonizingly, like a despairing cry, and the heartless villain walked away, chuckling over

the misery he had caused. She watched him until he reached the Osprey's Nest; she saw him pause and speak to a man in uniform; and then he entered the refreshment room, where creams and ices were kept.

"The storm-cloud of sorrow has cast its dark shadow on my happy home. I warned my dear father and told him it would come to this, but he despised the counsel of his child, and now his enemies will take him from me; they will confine him in a loathsome prison, and perhaps —. Oh! no, no, no, I cannot think *that*; it is too terrible.

"Spirit of my sainted mother!" she cried, gazing upward at the pure, unclouded sky, "watch over me, and protect me when he is gone."

For many moments she stood motionless, reviewed what had just occurred, and then, overcome with the violence of contending emotions, she sat down on the door-sill, weeping bitterly. She heard laughter amid the gay throng on the beach, she heard merry voices, and then all was still. Suddenly the sweet notes of a harp floated on the breeze, and a voice of song banished the melancholy thoughts that tortured her.

She raised her head, and beheld Mad Nancy sitting on a rock by the shore, surrounded by a crowd of ladies and gentlemen.

They seemed tranced by the wild air the aged minstrel was playing, and a holy calm stole over Nell's troubled heart while she listened to the following

SONG.

Why art thou wandering
Alone on the shore?
The wind it blows high,
And the wild tempests roar;
Oh! I am wandering
Here by the sea,
To watch if my father's
Returning to me:
For the wind it blows cold,
Through the darkness of night;

And I'm lingering here
 Since the dawning of light;
 Gazing through tears
 O'er the fast driving sea;
 To watch if my father's
 Returning to me.

Last night when my father

Went forth on the deep,

To my cottage returning,

I laid down to sleep;

But while the calm

Of sweet sleep came to me,

The voice of the tempest

Was waking the sea:

I thought in a dream,

'Twas my father that spoke;

And oh! 'mid the wild

Raging storm I awoke;

But the father I loved

Was afar on the sea;

Oh! why in my dream

Called my father to me?

Lonely I look through

The fast driving gale,

Hopeless I see

What Hope fancies a sail;

But 'tis only the wing

Of the sea-gull flits by,

And my heart it sinks low

At the bird's wailing cry:

For the gale must blow hard

When the gull comes on shore;

And oh! if the fisherman's

Bark floats no more;

Kind angels guard him

Where'er he may be!

Oh! bring my father

In safety to me.

The melody of the harp-strings died away entrancingly, and as a bevy of maidens gathered about a young lady who wished to have her fortune told, Nell forgot her sorrows and drew near to listen.

CHAPTER VII.

M'GILLIGAN'S INN—A FENIAN JUBILEE—THE ARREST.

On the coast, about a mile from Kilkieran Bay, stands a small inn, where the "Oughterard mail coach" halts to change horses. This inn was kept by "wan Misther McGilligan," and it is needless to say, the inn kept him.

McGilligan was a landlord in a small way, renting a farm from an "absentee Marquis," and whether the inn was patronized or not, the annual produce of his land enabled him to live in comfort.

On the night following the events related in the last chapter, a party of "gay Irish blades" assembled at the inn to have a dance. There was a dozen hardy fellows, and every man was a Fenian. The floor was cleared and sanded; a piper had come down from the mountains; there was whisky in abundance; and they were all in high spirits.

The night came on dark and stormy; the thunder bellowed hoarsely; the lightning gleams were dazzling; the rain fell in torrents; the wind howled around the inn like an infuriated demon; and the surge dashed against the bleak coast with an incessant roar; but the little party heeded not the tempest, safely sheltered from its pitiless wrath.

Blind Burke, the piper, played his liveliest "chunes," and the thumping ciatter of the "jiggers" feet might have waked the "seven sleepers."

"Phlay us the Black-Haired Girl! Give us Behind the Bush in the Garden," shouted a red-headed fellow, throwing off his hat and ragged coat.

"Or Lively Tom, the Cripple," yelled another, as he fastened up his breeches with a pin.

"Fire away all iv yees, fur here's Paddy's Rambles, wid

var'ashuns," chimed in the piper; and giving his bags a squeeze, he began playing as though life depended on the quickness of time, while every man "shook his trotters" with amazing rapidity.

The piper got excited; he rocked his body to and fro; he rolled his sightless eyeballs; he threw his head backward and forward; he worked his elbow with spiteful jerks; his fingers danced in merry mazes; his left foot beat tum, tum, tum, on the floor; and all the while a small terrier was tugging at the tail of his coat "unknownst."

The music grew livelier, and the shuffling of feet on the sanded floor sounded like the approach of a freight train with two engines attached. *Chook-a chook a-chook! Riggle jiggle jig! Diderum dum dum, de ding dang da!* That is how the noises sounded when blended with the *taran an tan a* of the pipes.

At times some of the dancers paused to "take a dhrink," and the musician let off steam until the music sounded like *the cackling of hens confined in an empty barrel*.

For an hour the fun raged fast and furious, while the storm-king let loose his howling demons to shake the building to its foundations.

At length the piper grew weary, for he was an old man, and while he drank a tumbler of punch the landlord was urged to sing a song.

After waiting on his thirsty and noisy guests, he sat himself on a barrel, folded his arms, closed his eyes, and roared out like a buffalo-bull the following

SONG

A song for Ould Erin,
The island of beauty;
A song for the Shamrock,
The Harp and the Green;
A song for our heroes
Who are ready for duty,
And our girls—for no fairer
On earth was ne'er seen.

Though the chains of a tyrant
In slavery bind us,
Though sorrow and famine
Frown dark on our shore,
Bold Stephens will guide us,
Whatever betide us,
And Freedom shall smile
On Ould Erin once more.

Long have we sorrowed,
'Mid oppression and anguish—
Nobly we've borne, like
A resolute band—
No longer despondent
And hopeless we languish,
For aid will soon come
From brave Washington's land—
Unfurl the Green Banner!
Arouse, ye brave Fenians!
The Right shall yet triumph,
For God is on high!
The Lion of England
In terror is trembling—
Brave Stephens will lead you
To conquer or die.

The spirits of martyrs
Are gazing upon you—
Of martyrs once slain
For the land that we love;
Like them be ye daring,
Like them be ye faithful—
The Great God of battles
Still reigneth above!
Then drive the cursed tyrant
From the soil of your country!
Emmett's epitaph write!
Then to God bend the knee—

When Erin shall stand
 Amid other nations
 Happy and blest—
 Brightest Isle of the Sea!

The song was very well sung, though the singer was constantly annoyed by the usual Irish cries of "Pleasure to ye!" "More power!" "Success attind ye!" "Rise it!" "Dhat's dhe lad to *tip* it!" "May ye niver die fur want iv breath!" "Hurroo!" "Success to Ould Ireland!" "Jem Stephens forever!" and many similar expressions, that would sound strange to a person unacquainted with Irish character.

The landlord had hardly finished his song when the door was dashed violently open, and a man rushed into the tap-room, crying:

"Save me, for God's sake! Dirkem's dragoons are after me, and they will be here in wan minute more."

The fugitive was covered with mud and his garments were soaked with rain. He gasped out these words and seized a chair to support himself.

"Oh, murther! sure it's Emmett Clare from Kilkieran!" exclaimed one.

"Save him! hide him away, quick!" said half a dozen at once.

"Dhis way," cried the innkeeper, and opened the back door. "I can put you in a nate phlace, fwhere dhe divil wouldn't find ye."

They hastened out just as a party of dragoons dashed up at full speed, their sabres rattling and their loud shouts echoing hoarsely on the ear of night.

"Dhis way, quickly!" whispered McGilligan, and grasping the fugitive's arm, he hastened toward the barn—but, alas! they were too late.

There was a shed behind the inn, and Captain Dirkem rode past to gain its shelter, followed by a dozen troopers.

"Whom have we here?" he demanded, reining in his horse, while his men came up.

"Your servant, sir," said McGilligan—"me *brother* an' I will take your honor's horse an' put him in dhe sthable.

Fhly around, Pat, an' don't kape dhe gintleman in dhe rain."

The fugitive took the hint, and held Dirkem's horse while he dismounted; but the cunning officer was not to be deceived, for when he was safe on the ground he drew his sword and stared in Emmett Clare's face.

"Bring a lantern, some of you," he cried, and one of the dragoons obeyed his command.

The fugitive turned to fly, but saw he was hemmed in by his enemies, and that resistance was in vain.

When the light was cast on his features from the lantern, Dirkem grasped his arm firmly.

"You are my prisoner, and if you offer any resistance I'll blow your brains out," said the officer, calmly, and the fugitive knew that he would keep his word.

In another moment he was handcuffed and marched into the inn. The tap room was deserted by all, save the blind piper, who sat in a corner, smoking a short pipe. The Fenians had fled, leaving the old man alone.

"Give the men some whisky, for they look like drowned rats," said a young lieutenant.

"So we got you at last, though you gave us a devilish unpleasant ride," remarked Dirkem, turning to his captive, who was closely guarded.

"For fwhat chrimé am I arrested?" inquired Clare.

"You are a Fenian, and a pike was found concealed under the door-sill of your cottage: you were seen when placing it there, before going out in your boat this morning. The weapon is safe, and the witness will appear against you when you are tried. Can you deny the charge?"

"Fwhy should I? Dhe pike was in my possession sure enough; but it wasn't mine."

"Who did it belong to?"

"It was given to a fri'nd of mine, an' fearing some harm might happen him, I tuk it away ffrom him, an' hid it under me own dooresill, sur."

"Very well; if you can *prove* what you say, you will astonish me, that's all; however, I'll give you a chance to produce your *innocent* friend," said the Captain, and the dragoons laughed at their Captain's shrewdness.

Peter McGilligan was trembling, for fear the fierce dragoons would arrest him, but after waiting till the fury of the storm abated, they rode away without paying their bill, and Peter breathed freer.

The nearest jail was at Oughterard, and there the Captain sent his prisoner under a strong guard, while he rode onward to the Osprey's Nest, with the remainder of his troop.

And now you wish to know where the dragoons first discovered Emmett Clare; from what point the pursuit began.

A small boy had been employed to watch for his return, and when he landed on the beach, the lad gave the desired information, and the dragoons were after him before he reached the cottage.

The galloping of horses and the shouts brought Nell to the door in affright. A peasant told her what had occurred, and who they were after.

Sense and strength deserted her, and she fell fainting on the floor.

When consciousness returned, the storm was raging fiercely without, and Mad Nancy was sitting on a low stool beside the bed, her face buried in the coverlet.

She was not alone—one friend was near—and she knew that friend would shield her from every danger.

CHAPTER VIII.

JOE DASHER AGAIN—THE FENIAN SPY—THE FATAL SHOT.

Early the following morning, Lord Banker's agent rode up to the fisherman's hut, and dismounted. Holding the bridle over his arm, he approached the open door and looked in.

Mad Nancy and our heroine were eating their morning meal, and he received no invitation to enter.

He raised his hat, but neither of them returned his

politeness, and, not caring for an old witch like Nancy, he addressed Nell—

"Well, my pretty bird, your father has been taken, I hear."

"I know it, villain. Where is he?"

"Safe in Oughterard Jail; and he will remain there until Captain Dirkem has leisure to hang him."

"For what?" demanded Nancy.

"For being a Fenian; for having a weapon concealed under his doorsill; in short, for treason."

"Surely, they will give him a fair trial?"

"A fair trial," sneered Dasher. "Could he prove that he is not a Fenian?"

"Can he prove that he hadn't that pike, or that he didn't hide it in a little box under his doorsill? What witnesses can he produce to vouch he is innocent of these criminal charges?"

Mad Nancy knew not what to say: she saw that Emmett Clare was in a dangerous predicament, from which there appeared no chance to escape.

Nell sat weeping in silence, with her half-finished meal standing before her.

"Joe Dasher, this is your doing, and you have caused me all this misery," sobbed the wretched girl.

"Suppose he is transported, or—hung," she added, after a painful pause, "what would his death benefit you, when I am alone in the world without a protector?"

"When I informed on him, I only did my duty as one of her most Gracious Majesty's faithful subjects; but," he added, hesitatingly, "I can save him even now."

"Oh! save him then, and may God bless you," cried Nell, in pleading accents. "Save my poor father, for if he is taken from me, I shall be alone in the world without a protector. Be kind, be manly, be generous, and I will always be your friend. Will you?"

"On one condition, and you know what that is. Become my bride, and I solemnly swear your father shall be restored to you in forty eight hours afterward. I have no other terms to offer."

The half-distracted girl looked appealingly at Mad Nancy, through her tears. Her heart was tortured with conflicting emotions, and it wavered between adverse opinions.

"Heed him not," cried the old woman, "for your father would rather die like a man, than see you the bride of a villain. Joe Dasher, begone! and remember my prophecy:

"If Emmett Clare is transported, if Emmett Clare is hung, you will die soon afterward, for there are Fenians who will avenge his death in a fearful manner: fly to America, fly to the world's remote bounds, they will find you even there, and your heart's blood will atone for the misery you have caused this helpless, innocent girl. Remember, *I* do not threaten you, but warn you, as a friend, and you will do well to pause ere it is too late. Go your way, and remember well my words."

"We shall see," replied the agent, as he mounted his horse and rode away.

He was hardly out of sight when Captain Dirkem galloped up, attended by half a dozen dragoons.

"Within there! Is any person at home?" shouted the officer, and Nell hastened to the door, her cheek pale, her eyes dim with tears.

"Are you Miss Clare?" demanded Dirkem, after admiring her handsome face a moment in silence.

"Yes, sir; I am Emmett Clare's only child."

"Well; I called to inform you that your father is a prisoner in Oughterard Jail. I am on my way thither, and if you have any message to send I will be the bearer of it."

"If I should go to Oughterard will I be allowed to see him?"

She gazed upward in his stern face through tears, and her voice was tremulous with emotion. His heart was touched.

"It is not customary to admit visitors, but in this case I will favor you. You are his only child, I believe?"

"He is all I have on earth, and he has no one to love but me. My mother sleeps in the grave-yard behind those rocks yonder," and she pointed toward the place.

He was not looking at her. He had taken a blank-book

from his pocket, and resting it on the saddle, he filled in a paper resembling a check.

"Your name?"

"Nellie Clare."

He wrote again, and then tearing out the leaf, he gave it to her, saying:

"There is a pass. Present it to the keeper and he will admit you. Do not be alarmed, for the judge will not visit Oughterard in a month, but when he does arrive, your father will be tried with the cursed Fenians who are confined with him. Good morning!"

"Good day, and thank you," said Nell, as he rode away.

"Now for that daring Smuggler and Spy, Neil Connor," exclaimed the Captain, and another pang pierced our heroine's heart when she heard her lover's name.

"God help me, they are after poor Neil," she cried, and sitting down on the door-step, she watched them ride away, their accoutrements glancing in the golden sunlight.

"Cheer up, darling, for God watches over all his creatures, and there is happiness in store for you, though your joy shall be mingled with sorrow," said the old woman, laying her shriveled hand on the fair girl's head.

"I read your fortune long ago; I traced out your destiny on the palm of your hand; I saw it when I cut the cards; it was revealed when we stood beneath the twinkling stars on your last birth-day eve; and my prophesy is slowly coming to its fulfilment.

"But fear not, though the parent tree falls, the young branch shall flourish, and put forth buds to bloom in beauty; the gardener shall nurse them all with tender care."

"Will my father die?" asked Nell, wildly.

"The aged tree shall fall, and the young sapling shall wither for a time, but it will spring up and flourish in other soil. I can tell thee no more."

"Hark! what was that? I heard a shout," cried Nell, starting to her feet. "What can have happened? Yonder

comes a man, closely pursued by Dirkem and his dragoons! he is running for life! My God, it is Neil!"

She was right. The dragoons surprised him on the beach by suddenly turning around a rocky point, where the tramp of their horses was muffled on the sand, and with a wild shout, they darted in pursuit.

Onward he came with the fleetness of a deer, gaining on his pursuers, widening the space between them as he made for the rocks, for he knew that the horsemen could not follow him there.

Mad Nancy's eyes flashed as she viewed the exciting chase. Nell clung to her companion's arm, trembling like an aspen; praying that God would aid him to escape.

Dirkem's horse was a blooded racer, and he alone closed up the gap between them, while the rest fell behind.

"Halt, you rascally traitor! Surrender, you cursed Fenian, before I shoot you down!" shouted Dirkem, drawing a pistol, and rising in his stirrups.

The Spy slackened not his pace; the voice sounded loudly in his ears; the animal's hoofs thundered behind him, and he gazed back over his left shoulder. A pistol-ball whistled past his head, and his resolution was instantly taken.

Facing about, he drew a pistol from his breast. The horseman was upon him with uplifted sword; leveling his weapon, he fired, and Captain Dirkem, after reeling a moment, fell heavily to the sand.

Grasping the affrighted animal's rein as he was leaping past, the Spy vaulted nimbly into the saddle, and with a wild "halloo!" sped onward like a meteor, while a loud hurrah greeted him from the humble peasants, who watched the exciting chase with breathless interest.

"Thank God! they cannot take him now," exclaimed Nell, proudly, and Mad Nancy added

"You may well love and admire him, acushla, for there is no man in Ireland more handsome and brave."

With curses and yells of rage the infuriated dragoons spurred on after him, but he soon vanished from their sight in the distance.

Ladies and gentlemen saw him, while standing on the ver-

anda at the Osprey's Nest, and many thought he was in league with Satan.

Four dragoons continued the useless pursuit, while their comrades halted to assist Captain Dirkem.

"Are you badly wounded?" inquired a bearded fellow, as he bent above him.

There was no reply.

They gazed in his face, and saw it was ghastly; they raised the hand that still grasped the sabre firmly, but it fell powerless on the sand.

They tore open his coat—the bullet had penetrated his heart—he was dead.

"Poor man, his troubles are ended," said one.

"Is he dead?" inquired another.

"Dead as a door-nail," answered his companion.

"D—n the Fenians! the magistrates 'll hang them without trial after this."

A crowd had by this time assembled; gentlemen and ladies from the bathing establishment; rag-tag and bobtail, from every cabin. The body was borne away; the crowd gradually dispersed, and ominous scowls were passed between rich and poor.

Nell and Nancy heard the news, and our heroine's heart was crushed with a heavy weight of woe. Sorrow had marked her for its victim, and her tender mind was shaken by the shock.

"Leaves have their time to fall,

And flowers to wither

At the north-wind's breath,

And stars to set—but all,

Thou hast all seasons

For thine own, oh, Death!"

CHAPTER IX.

ON THE BEACH—NELL'S ANGUISH—A JOYOUS SURPRISE—A
NARROW ESCAPE.

Again the sun set, and the twilight settled down on earth and sea.

The Fenians were to meet that night in a cave behind St. Anthony's Nose, and Mad Nancy had promised to be present, so she bade Nell adieu for a short time, promising to return before midnight.

When she had gone, our heroine visited some of the cabins to converse with her friends: after passing an hour among them, she sauntered out to the beach, accompanied by little Mark Moran, the Captain's son, who was boarding at Father Darcy's, a mile from Kilkieran Bay.

He had come down to Kilkieran for the Dublin paper that was left regularly at the Osprey's Nest for the priest, and he was in no hurry to return.

Having met Nell, he walked out with her, assuming the air of a favored suitor.

He was a bright, intelligent lad, with curling hair, rosy cheeks and black eyes, and he was attired in white duck pants, blue jacket, with brass buttons, light buskins, and a wide-rimmed, palmetto hat, ornamented with a green ribbon.

He was twelve years of age, but wise beyond his years; and the remark was common among the "old grannies:—"

"Dhe crathur is too ould-fashioned."

"Dhe gossoon is far too wise to live long."

But his robust appearance in no way justified such assertions.

"So your father is in jail," he remarked, as they paced leisurely over the white sand.

"Yes, they have taken him; it was all Joe Dasher's doings," she said, sighing.

"I know all about it, Nell: the rascal loved you, and because you wouldn't marry him, he wanted to have revenge. The mean scamp! If I was old enough, if I was strong enough, if I was like your lover, Neil, I would beat him till he couldn't walk."

Nell smiled, for the lad's black eyes flashed, and he brought his right hand down on his left, to give emphasis to his words.

"When shall you visit him?" he asked.

"I am going up by the mail-coach to-morrow."

"Alone?"

"I have no person to go with me; that is, any suitable companion."

"I'll ask Father Darcy, and he will let me off for a day; for I am resolved you shall not travel alone these troublous times: I'll ask him to-night, and if he refuses, I'll run away, so as to be here early in the morning. I haven't had a holiday in two months, and I'm not going to study without any relaxation."

"Thank you, Mark; I shall feel safer when you are with me."

"I'll protect you," he answered, "for I have a pistol, and I can handle my *mawleys* with the best of 'em. I wish I was your lover, but I suppose you love Neil better than any one else on earth."

"I do, Mark."

"Well, it's all right—I was born too late for you—but even if I was a man, I wouldn't harm Neil, or injure his future prospects, for I want to see you both happy. Wouldn't I like to shoot Joe Dasher, though?"

"Hush! for such talk is sinful: there has been shooting enough I think, and God has promised to avenge our wrongs."

"That was a bad affair, shooting Dirkem, and Neil's enemies will hunt him day and night; but he is not to blame;

his life was in danger, and a man that won't defend himself is a coward. Why don't you and *him* get married, and go some place in the mountains of Conemara, where you will both be safe? He can't raise the devil forever in the manner he is doing, and his daring deeds won't help him when the hangman puts a rope round his neck."

"He is very rash, and I tremble for his safety; but I cannot change him," said Nell, bitterly.

"Well, I hope no harm will come to him, but—but if he died, if—if he was killed in any way, would you accept me for your lover? Would you wait, and marry me when I am old enough?"

Wasn't he old-fashioned, this boy-man? He had read many an old romance, and already he fancied himself a gay cavalier; a youthful knight; a hero.

Nell Clare heard him talk in this strain many times before, and she smiled at his earnestness. If she had laughed it would have angered him.

Once he had spoken thus to the Lady Agnes O'Hara, and when she laughed merrily, he bowed low and walked away in silence, never speaking to her again.

Mark Moran had never been a child. He was born with a man's thoughts and passions. He always shunned the companionship of boys near his own age, and girls of twelve were quite beneath his notice. He was a mystery to all who knew him.

"Why don't you answer me? If anything *should* happen, if Neil was taken from you, would you wait and be my wife when I am old enough?"

They had unconsciously halted beside a rock where the waves rolled almost up to their feet, and the moonlight was falling on the boy's handsome face, revealing an earnest, eager gaze as he waited for her answer.

"I pray God, that nothing will happen to take Neil from me," she said, "but if ever I am *alone* in the world you will be dearer to me than any one I know."

"That's honest, and I am satisfied. I shall remember your words, and you must not forget them, for I may claim your promise some time."

"Oh! my poor father. He is pining in his loathsome prison, while I am standing here talking of love; and perhaps Neil is taken, too, by this time," sobbed the almost heart-broken girl.

"The cursed red-coats haven't captured me yet," exclaimed a voice behind them.

The boy started, and Nell gave an exclamation of alarm.

Turning, they beheld the Spy gazing over the rock, laughing merrily.

"Fine work this," he said, jestingly, "while I am hunted like a fox, this young gentleman is trying to steal away my girl's love. You young rascal, I always believed you were my friend! but now I have found you out.

"Shake hands with me across the rock, Nell. I dare not come around on that side, for there are four or five red-coats smoking on the veranda, and they have keen eyes."

Nell leaned against the huge boulder, and rested her arm carelessly on its top. In a moment her hand was clasped warmly, and a thrill of joy ran through her frame at the touch.

"How did you escape from your pursuers?" she inquired, and the lad said:

"Talk away. I'll keep a keen eye on the fine gentlemen up at the Osprey's Nest."

"They didn't pursue me far, and I rode along the coast for five miles, turned the horse loose, and saw Captain Moran's little clipper rounding Devil's Point under full sail. I hailed him, and a boat was sent to take me on board—the fugitives he went to rescue were in the cabin—after sailing about in search of the ship we are expecting, I gave orders to put back into Kilkieran Bay, for I wanted to see you before we go on another cruise."

"You gave orders—what have you to do with Captain Moran's fishing smack?"

"Fishing smack! Well, that's rich, isn't 't, Neil?" said Mark, laughing.

"Why, Nell, that fishing smack is a clean-sailing little clipper with four guns, and the fishing business is only a hoax. My father is a smuggler, and Neil is his first mate."

"Spy and Smuggler both! Strange you never told me this. Neil, I fear they will capture you ere long, and if you are taken you will surely be hung."

"Then you can marry my young rival, Mark," said the merry-hearted Spy. "But I haven't much time to spare, for I must be at the meeting," he exclaimed. "How fares Captain Dirkem? Was the wound I gave him dangerous?"

"It was fatal—it was a mortal wound—he is dead."

"Dead? Then I must look out for myself; but I didn't intend to kill him; I thought I aimed above his heart."

"The bullet pierced his heart, and he died instantly," said Mark.

"Well, he is a great loss to the service, but a small loss to me. I will leave this part of the country in a few days, and before I go Father Darcy shall make us a happy pair, then I can take you with me. After leaving you with some faithful friends in Conemara, I will get your father out of the jail, and settle down quietly with my happy bride until my services are needed to assist in driving our oppressors from old Erin's soil. You will be ready for the change when I ask you, Nell?"

"Ready to share your joys and sorrows at any hour you may name, and I shall be happy when you abandon your reckless mode of living; nay, I shall never know joy until then."

There was a silent pressure of the hands, and a glance more eloquent than words, then the glad lover bounded over the barrier between them, and clasped the blushing girl to his heart.

The boy looked on the moonlit sea, and at that moment he wished Neil Connor was safe in Oughterard Jail, under sentence of death. From that hour he hated him.

The Spy had just released Nell from his embrace, and was bidding her farewell, when a stout dragoon darted around the rock, and seized him from behind.

"Now I have you," he exclaimed, and then he shouted loudly: "This way boys! This way quick! The Fenian Spy! The Fenian Spy!"

Our heroine clasped her hands, crying, "Poor Neil! poor

Neil!" in piteous accents, and a party of soldiers came running toward them in frantic haste.

Neil put forth all his strength, but the burly dragoon held him in a bear's grip. In vain he struggled, and a groan broke from his lips when he saw his enemies approaching with exultant shouts.

For an instant, Mark Moran stood irresolute, undecided; then drawing a pistol from his pocket, he placed it close to the dragoon's ear, and fired. The man relaxed his hold, and fell heavily on the sand.

"God bless you! You have saved my life! This way with me, for my boat is near by, and our vessel is at anchor beyond St. Anthony's Nose. Fly with me."

"Save yourself; I will remain and protect Nell; they will not harm *me*; I'll tell them you fired the shot. Away!"

The Spy bounded away, for his enemies were within a few yards of the rock. Quickly he sped along the beach, keeping under cover of the rocks until he reached a sheltered cove where his boat was moored.

It was but the work of a moment to unloose the cord, and leaping in, with a few vigorous strokes of the oars, he sent the light bark far out on the sparkling water. The tide was running out rapidly, and when the dragoons reached the spot, he was far away from land.

A shout of rage echoed amid the rocks, and a volley of shots rattled over the Spy's head, a few bullets striking the boat.

He laid flat, however, with his oars beside him until the tide bore him out of harm's way, then sitting erect he pulled for the saucy clipper that was rocking on the water opposite St. Anthony's Nose.

With curses and imprecations, the baffled pursuers slowly retraced their steps, until they came to the spot where Mark and our heroine were standing.

"Who shot that man?" demanded the young lieutenant, pointing to the dragoon who lay dead on the sand.

"I did," answered the lad fearlessly, "and I would shoot *you*, under the same circumstances."

"Seize the rascally young rebel and handcuff him! Tomorrow he shall find lodgings in Oughterard Jail.

"Bring that girl along also, for she was seen conversing with the Spy, and women are often our most dangerous enemies. Use her gently," he added, marching away.

"Fear not," said the courageous lad, as they were led toward the Osprey's Nest, where a room was fitted up for prisoners; "Neil and my father will find where we are, and the Fenians will free us, if they have to storm the jail. Don't cry, Nell, for Neil is safe."

This comforted her, and drying her tears, she resolved to bear up bravely, trusting in Him who never forsakes any of His children.

CHAPTER X.

THE FIRST BLOW STRUCK—THE CONFLAGRATION—THE TWO NOTES.

The authorities were by this time greatly alarmed. The gentry and land-owners were afraid to venture forth at night.

Murders were committed, and the assassins managed to escape detection, though officers were on their track in every direction.

The tenantry were not to be trusted. The half-starved wretches plundered their landlord's property; burned their hay-ricks; robbed their granaries; drove away their cattle; and caused a reign of terror in that section of the country.

The dragoons were exasperated at their losses, and in vengeful spirit, abused the poor, irrespective of age or sex.

Larger rewards were offered for suspected Fenians, and "One Thousand Pounds" for the capture of Neil Conner, the Fenian Spy.

Men were hung for singing the "Wearing of the Green," or whistling the soul stirring airs that roused the Irish hearts in '98."

Many prisoners who were languishing in dungeons, were executed without any trial, and hundreds were punished to gratify a mean spirit of personal hate.

Thus matters stood when Mark Moran and our heroine were marched off to Oughterard Jail, to await their trial with other prisoners, before "His Honor, Judge O'Hara," and the county magistrates.

On the night after Nell Clare's arrest, the small band of Fenians who assembled in the ruined castle, determined to strike their first blow.

Led on by Neil Conner, one party surrounded O'Hara's house about midnight, while another detachment approached Lord Banker's handsome mansion, and a small reserve was stationed to guard the road, commanded by Andy Martin. They were all armed, and determined to fight the dragoons, if they were attacked.

Six men, wearing masks, entered O'Hara's house, and captured the Lady Agnes in her chamber without disturbing the slumbering household: when they had conducted her safely into the park, and placed two men to watch herself and her maid, the house was set on fire, and the whole party retreated rapidly across the country, separating here and there, as they sought their homes.

The Spy, Andy Martin, and Captain Moran hastened on to the beach with their fair captive, and entering a boat that was awaiting their arrival, they were rowed out to the gallant little clipper, that was dancing on the waters.

The other party fired Lord Banker's mansion, and then scattered in different directions, as their companions had done.

The fire spread rapidly, and as the great buildings became enveloped in the flames, their lurid glare illuminated the surrounding country far and wide: gilding the mountain peaks, and adorning the blue waters with a thousand gorgeous hues.

The families fled forth in wild affright, expecting to be massacred by the brutal Fenians; but no enemy was in sight: the parks were silent and deserted, save by the timid deer, that retreated to the farthest extremity, where they gazed back at the strange scene wonderingly; and the moon smiled down coldly from the pure, unclouded sky.

Lord Banker saw that he could not save his house, and leaving his servants to guard the furniture that was piled up on the lawn, he hastened to O'Hara's to guard his betrothed, if danger menaced them.

He was met by O'Hara, who was mad with grief and rage.

"Oh! Banker, Banker, this is the work of Fenian incendiaries, and I'll hang every man in Oughterard Jail for this outrage," he cried.

"Worse than all, my daughter is missing, and in the general tumult the villains must have captured her."

"My God! this is awful," cried Banker. "Hang every Fenian in Ireland if you can! That cursed Spy is at the bottom of it all, and he has carried the Lady Agnes to some wild retreat in the mountains."

"What shall we do? My child, my child!" groaned the old man, in agonizing accents.

"Order out your servants, and I will order out mine—arm every man, and let them scour the mountains—send the soldiers in every direction—start detectives on their track—offer a large reward for your daughter, and I will offer another for the Fenian Spy—some of his own brotherhood will betray him for money, and the Lady Agnes will also be found. Meanwhile we can find lodgings at the Osprey's Nest, for several families are leaving because they deem it unsafe to stay."

"Your advice shall be taken," said O'Hara, as he turned to gaze at the burning building.

A ragged boy approached and placed two notes in the old man's hand.

"Who gave you these? Who sent them?" demanded the magistrate.

"A man beyant," replied the lad, as he bounded away into the dark shade of the trees.

"What's up now?" asked Banker.

"Two notes. One is for you," he added, turning them toward the fire-light, that enabled him to decipher the inscription.

Lord Banker took it and broke the seal. They both read together, and finished at the same moment.

"What are the contents of yours?" asked O'Hara.

"I am informed that my life is in danger, and politely requested to leave this county if I would save it. The rascal is signed, 'A Fenian.'"

"What will you do?"

"I shall remain, and trust to the dragoons for protection. What is in your note, O'Hara?"

"There is no threat. The writer says I must release Emmett Clare, his daughter, and Mark Moran from jail. When that is done my daughter shall be restored to me unharmed; but," added the magistrate, "her captors swear to hold her until the demand is complied with. The writer says in conclusion—by Jove! here is a threat, and no mistake:

"If Emmet Clare is either transported or executed, if any harm is done to his daughter, if the lad, Mark Moran, is punished as a criminal—the Lady Agnes O'Hara shall die."

"My God! we are both in a bad fix," exclaimed Lord Banker, "and these devilish Fenians have the advantage. O'Hara, what course shall you pursue?"

"Emmett Clare and the lad, Moran, shall swing, but the girl shall be released; she has done no harm. I shall do my duty as a magistrate, for it will never do to let these scoundrels intimidate us with threats. They dare not harm my child."

A crowd from Kilkieran was fast gathering, and the two gentlemen hastened forward to speak with Lieutenant Wellesley, who commanded the dragoons.

The poor peasants stood by the roadside, and laughed to see the conflagration. Mad Nancy smiled as she watched it from her eyrie in the tower. Captain Moran and the Spy saw the light from the deck of their vessel.

"And still the flames rose higher, lighting the landscape for miles; and the wild wind howled in fiendish glee; and the mad waves clapped their hands as they came dancing to the shore; then, when the walls of both houses fell with a loud crash, the moon and stars veiled their faces behind murky storm-clouds; while the heavens wept for sinful, fallen man.

The crowd gradually dispersed, and silence and darkness reigned.

CHAPTER XI.

THE EXECUTION—A BLOODY STRUGGLE—THE FENIAN TRIUMPH.

Three days passed, and the aspect of things remained unchanged.

The Lady Agnes came not back. No arrests were made. Emmett Clare was *half* tried, without witnesses, and sentenced to be hung.

The scaffold was erected on Execution Hill, near the jail, so that those who witnessed the imposing spectacle might be terrified at the power of the Law, and at an early hour on the fatal morn, large crowds came from the hills and valleys, from the neighboring towns and villages, rich and poor mingling together.

Four men were to "swing," and Emmett Clare was one of them. Forty dragoons guarded the scaffold, and as the hour drew nigh, the excitement of the populace was intense. The peasants stood back behind the quality, most of whom were on horseback, or in carriages, and the dragoons rode about the scaffold with drawn swords, keeping back those who pressed too far forward in their eagerness to behold the tragic scene.

A small constabulary force kept a passage open through the throng, to make room for the doomed men to pass, when the hour for execution arrived.

Mad Nancy was seated on a rock behind the throng, and from her elevated position, she commanded a good view of the scaffold. Behind her, three ragged, bare-footed urchins

were perched, and two of them wept bitterly, for their fathers were with the condemned.

Insulting jeers and taunts greeted the soldiers, and ribald jests were showered on the wealthy spectators, by the peasants.

Neil Conner, the Spy, was there, disguised as an old woman, selling cakes and candies.

Captain Moran was there, disguised as an old man with a hump on his back, leaning heavily on a blackthorn staff, as he hobbled about on the outskirts of the crowd.

Andy Martin was there, wearing a black wig, attired in sailor's garb, and he cursed every person who jostled him as he hobbled about on crutches.

And there was a band of Fenians, numbering in all one hundred men, armed to the teeth, and hid in the bogs behind Execution Hill.

What were they there for?

Wait and see.

The hour arrived at last, and silence reigned, when the tap of a muffled drum announced the approach of the victims from jail, closely guarded.

Their hands were pinioned behind them, and Father Darcy officiated on the solemn occasion.

Four police came first; then then the priest in full robes; after him, Pat Mehan; Hugh Mehan; John Shields; and Emmett Clare, who marched with his head proudly erect, his eyes flashing defiance on his enemies, while the others were downcast and despondent.

Loud cheers greeted him, and a voice in the crowd exclaimed—

“Keep up Emmett! They won't hang *you*!” but no person knew the daring speaker.

The culprits ascended the scaffold, and the fierce dragoons closed in around it, while the police mingled with the murmuring crowd, endeavoring to preserve order.

Curses greeted them, and three men were arrested for being insolent, but no open rupture of the peace rendered brute force necessary.

Patrick Mehan was “swung off,” amid derisive groans.

Hugh Mehan calmly met his fate, and the peasants crowded closer, with frowning brows.

John Shields leaped from the scaffold, and was cut down by the dragoons; half dead, and bleeding from many wounds, he was carried up the creaking steps—the fatal noose was forced over his head—and he was launched into eternity.

A wild yell of fury and indignation arose, and the mob assailed the police with clubs and stones, driving them in wild disorder among the dragoons for protection, and the fight became general.

In the midst of this tumult, the “quality” scattered in every direction, and the horsemen charged on the rabble, cutting down some, and trampling many under foot.

Father Darcy shouted out remonstrances in vain.

The Sheriff seized Emmett Clare and attempted to drag him under the fatal noose, but with a superhuman effort, the brave fisherman burst his bonds, and dealt the sheriff a blow with his fist, that knocked him reeling from the scaffold. At the same moment, the old woman leaped up the steps, and drawing two revolvers from her basket, placed them in his hands, then grasping two similar weapons, he dashed the basket of cakes in an officer’s face, and together, Emmett and himself leaped in among the combatants.

“Ireland and Liberty! Down with the red coats! The Fenians forever!” shouted the mob, and pistol-shots rattled in rapid succession.

The dragoons attempted to cut down their infuriated enemies, but several of them were knocked senseless from their saddles, and at length the order was given to “Fire!”

Drawing their pistols, they laid many a peasant low, and those in the mob who carried fire-arms paid them back shot for shot.

The constables charged in a body on the mob, and madly strove to recapture Emmett Clare, but as he stood his ground, dodging here and there, the Spy, Captain Moran, and Andy Martin, with a dozen resolute men, all armed with six-shooters, forced them to retire, leaving five of their number wounded on the ground.

All this was the work of a few moments, and the dragoons were about to charge, determined to capture Emmett and his disguised defenders, when a wild yell echoed in their rear.

They turned in their saddles to gaze back, and a sudden consternation seized every man as they beheld the Fenian band coming down on them like an avalanche, with leveled pikes bristling in a long line.

"Ireland and Liberty!" they cried, and then echoed the *Irish yell* that curdled their heart's blood; the yell that struck terror in the Frenchmen's hearts at Waterloo.

The police retreated, pell mell, toward the jail; and after hesitating a moment, the dragoons wheeled and rode after them, closely pursued by the daring band.

The gates were thrown open, and the flying crowd rushed in like a flock of sheep, while hard on their heels pressed the Fenians, headed by Neil Connor.

"In after them, and rescue Nell Clair! Rescue the Captain's son! Let every prisoner at liberty, but shed no blood except in self-defence," cried the Spy, and the whole band swept into the quadrangular court, carrying everything before them like the rolling waves of the mighty sea.

The dragoons again fled through the yard, and together with the police, passed out of the back gates, leaving the Fenians masters of the place. The victors cheered lustily, and in ten minutes every captive was released.

Nell and little Mark were restored to their friends, and joy reigned in every heart.

Knowing reinforcements would soon arrive to aid their enemies, the Fenians left the jail in flames, and hastened to their mountain haunts, where pursuit would have been madness.

The Spy, Captain Moran, Emmett Clair, Andy Martin, our heroine, and Mark reached the coast, and, unseen by their enemies, embarked on board the saucy clipper that was waiting to receive them.

Ere nightfall a large force of soldiers and police were hunting among the mountains in every direction, but not one Fenian was found.

The smuggling craft was at anchor in Kilkieran Bay, and no person was to be seen on the decks save an old man, who was pacing to and fro, smoking a Dutch pipe.

No suspicion was attached to the vessel that lay rocking on the waters. It came and went without hindrance, for everybody *knew* Captain Moran was a harmless, hard-working man, who troubled himself about nothing save fishing.

Poor fools! The Captain's daring disarmed his enemies of all suspicion, and they thought no man would anchor under their nose if he was in any way connected with the Fenians.

But the Fenians who were on board the swift-sailing clipper knew that they could not remain unsuspected after what had occurred, and, besides, a suspicious-looking craft was visible in the offing.

"I must leave Kilkieran Bay before I am blockaded," muttered the man who was smoking, as he examined the strange vessel through his glass.

CHAPTER XII.

THE ARREST—THE CHIEF SEIZED AND CONFINED IN DUBLIN

“BRIDEWELL.”

The day passed away, and night came with moon and stars. Neil Connor and his betrothed had passed the hours in sweet converse, reviewing the many dangers through which they had both passed, thanking God for their deliverance, and forming plans for future happiness, as all young lovers will do when they are alone together.

There was not a sad heart on board the little craft save one.

The Lady Agnes O'Hara sat in the cabin and wept until the sun went down, and then her whole manner changed. She dried her tears, and paced the cabin like an enraged tigress, threatening her captors with death.

The consolation that Nell offered was scorned, and her companionship was haughtily declined.

The high-born maiden ordered the innocent girl from the cabin, calling her a “low Fenian wench,” and saying that she wanted no company but her French maid, Louise, and our heroine left her in disgust.

When twilight settled down on the face of the waters, the Spy, Andy Martin, and Captain Moran were holding a consultation on deck.

Light shone brightly from the windows of the Osprey's Nest, and an unusual commotion reigned on shore.

Horsemen were riding to and fro; men and women were assembled on the balcony; the tenants were conversing in groups around the cabin doors; and the three Fenians watched these strange proceedings with lively interest.

"Something has happened," exclaimed the Spy, as a loud "hurrah," came to their ears on the evening breeze.

"They are rejoicing over something," remarked the Captain, turning to gaze at the distant ship, that loomed up darkly against the unclouded sky.

"I wondher fwhat dhe divil it can be? fur it's little cause dhey have fur rejoicing, afther dhe b'atin' we give dhem dhis day," said Andy.

"Begorra, if me two eyes don't desave me, dhere's a shmall boat comin' dhis way ffrom dhe shore! Luk—it's jusht turnin' dhe p'int o' rocks yondher, an' dhere's only wan man in ud."

"Some of our friends with important information," said the Spy, and they watched the oarsman as he rowed vigorously towards them.

In about fifteen minutes, he was within speaking distance, and the hoarse hail, "Ship ahoy!" came across the waters.

"Boat ahoy—oy—oy," returned the Captain. "What's the matter on shore?"

"Who is on boord?"

"All friends."

"Are they Fenians?"

"All firm in the right cause!"

"Very well; I have news fur yese; official news, dhat can be relied on; but I can't sthop to tell it; dhe rid coats are watchin' me ffrom dhe shore."

He rowed on rapidly, and as he passed under the ship's stern, he exclaimed—

"Our chief is captured! They have him confined in Dublin Bridewell! Sail away ffrom dhis devilish soon, fur dhere's a brig-iv-war lyin' outside, an' dhey're goin' to capture yese to-night! Joe Dasher saw yese going on board, an' he has informed."

This was all the faithful fellow said, as he kept on his way without resting on his oars a moment.

He was seen from the shore, but his voice was not heard, and nothing wrong was suspected by the enemy.

"Poor fellow, they have got him at last; and they'll hang

him, sure," said the Captain. "His capture will dishearten the whole Brotherhood."

"Not a bit," replied the Spy. "He shall not remain in prison long : I must start for Dublin without delay."

"What for?" demanded the Captain.

"To plan some means for his escape. Put out into the open waters before that brig cuts off your escape; put me on shore anywhere along the coast; and I'll make my way to Dublin in some new disguise. I will liberate our chief, or die in the attempt."

"You have great faith in your own power and cunning, Neil."

"Not in myself; but I know God will aid me, because He never deserted me yet. I am confident I shall free the chief, with His help. Old Ireland's fearless champion was not born to be hung: when the chieftain dies, it will be on the battlefield, beneath the green flag, with his face to the foe. But I have no time to talk—I'll go below, disguise myself, bid those I love farewell, and go forth among our friends, to perform my perilous duty. If I never return, you must be a friend to Nell Clare when I am dead."

"I will," said Moran, as the Spy leaped lightly down the hatchway.

His arrangements for departure were soon completed, and having bid Emmett Clare adieu, he pressed our heroine to his heart, and left her in tears. It seemed as though dangerous duty was ever calling him from her side, and in her anguish, she wondered if Old Ireland would ever be free, wondered if she would ever know true happiness, unsullied by care.

When the Spy appeared on deck, the sailors were hoisting sail, and Captain Moran laughed at his strange attire.

He was dressed as a Quaker, with the same plain garb, and broad-brim hat, and an enormous flaxen wig added to his verdant appearance. He carried a small valise, and a blue cotton umbrella was thrust, in Paul Pry fashion, under his arm.

"You beat the old boy for disguises; and I hope you will

succeed: but you are running your head into a noose, I fear," said Moran.

The Spy smiled.

"God watches over me, and I have no fear," he said. "Put me ashore near the sunken rocks, and release the Lady Agnes to-morrow. Nell is safe, and *she* is only an incumbrance to you now. If I am taken, and hung, remember your promise to dear Nell, for her father has heart disease, and it will take him off suddenly."

Little more was said between them, and while Captain Moran got his craft under way, Nell conversed with the boy, Mark, and gave some parting instructions to Andy Martin.

The white sails were soon spread, and the gallant bark began gliding over the sparkling water like a "thing of life," moved by the evening breeze.

While passing the sunken rocks the Spy was sent ashore in a small boat, and the clipper stood boldly out toward the open waters.

They had not sailed more than a mile when the Captain noticed through his glass unusual bustle on the distant brig. Her sails were set; her anchor drawn up; and in a few moments she bore down toward them rapidly.

"We must run for it," exclaimed Moran, "for their intentions are hostile. Crowd on every rag of canvass, and if we pass O'Connor's headland safely, we will show them a clean pair of heels."

The chase soon became exciting, and while the clipper was striving to gain the open water beyond the headland, the brig was tacking to cut off her escape.

But Moran gained distance fast, and when his enemies saw that he was likely to clear the gap before they could intercept him, the English Captain (who was Dirkem's brother) threw open his ports, and a twenty-four pounder sent a ball ricochetting across the Irishman's path.

"Run out 'Long Tom,' and if they injure us we'll cripple her," shouted Moran.

His order was obeyed; and a long brass gun that had seen service when General Scott entered the city of Mexico, thrust its frowning muzzle out at the stern.

"Will I give them a pill, father?" asked little Mark, buttoning his jacket, and gazing up in the Captain's face.

A loud report echoed over the waters, and a ball went "slap" through their foresail.

"D—n their impudence, blaze away! All hands on deck," cried Moran, and the lad ran aft in high glee.

Sighting his gun carefully, he measured the distance with his eye, and then paused.

"Sure he can't fire, fur he's trimblin' wid fear dhis minute," ejaculated Andy Martin.

"Wait and see," said the Captain, laughingly.

There was silence for a moment, and every eye was fixed on the young gunner.

Suddenly a ringing report made Andy Martin jump a foot high, and the clipper shook beneath the shock.

"Oh! t'under an' ouns, fwhat has he done?" groaned Andy, placing both hands over his ears.

"Knocked away the brig's rudder, and left her at the mercy of the waves," shouted the proud father, and the crew cheered lustily.

The clipper now pursued her way unmolested, and in five minutes they were safe beyond the Englishman's guns, while the brig tossed about, crippled and unmanageable, upon the waves.

Joe Dasher was on board, and an oath broke from his lips when he knew that all hopes of rescuing the Lady Agnes was vain.

He had traced her to the smuggling craft, given information, and originated the pursuit.

CHAPTER XIII.

PUT ON SHORE—ANDY MARTIN'S PRIZE—A TRUE FRIEND.

Swiftly the clipper sailed, leaving a long track of snowy foam behind her, and at sunrise on the following morning she anchored in still water off the bleak headlands near Oughterard.

A boat was lowered, and the Lady Agnes was placed in charge of Andy Martin, who had volunteered to put her on shore.

Four hardy oarsmen seated themselves. The lady sat in the bow, silent and savage; while Andy seized the tiller and ordered them to "give way!"

A few peasants assembled on the shore, and watched them with wonder. The boat soon reached the land, and the haughty lady sprang out, disdaining any assistance, although she allowed Andy to escort her until a gentleman's residence appeared in sight, standing far back from the roadside, about half a mile from shore.

A joyous exclamation broke from her lips when she beheld it.

"I know where I am now," she said. "Yonder is the old family mansion of the Drewitts, and I will be kindly received by Sir Brian. You can leave me now, for my father's friends will take me to him. Here is a guinea."

She tossed the coin on the grass, and entered the park gates, while Andy hastened away rapidly, lest his enemies might capture him.

Down the lonely road he ran, halting at times to look back, and at length he saw a party of four gentlemen in pursuit.

"Dhey can't overtake me before I reach dhe boat, if dhey run dtheir legs off; bad luck to them!" cried the jovial Irishman, as he bounded onward with a "hop, le'p, an' jump," and the gentlemen turned back, thinking the exertion too much for them.

But Andy did not reach the boat without any adventure. He met a fancifully-attired youth, about twelve years of age, coming up the mountain road, waving an English flag, and his spirit was roused at the sight.

"Who are *you*?" he demanded, as the lad approached.

"I am Sir Brian Drewitt's son," answered the young scion of nobility, haughtily.

"Stand aside and let me pass, and remove your hat when you meet a gentleman."

"I'll jusht take dhat fflag iv ye plase, for I'm in want ov a pocket-handkerchief," replied Andy, and seizing the struggling boy, he wrenched it from his grasp.

"If I had my gun, I would blow your brains out, you cursed Fenian. That flag was made for Dirken's dragoons, and they'll have your life when I tell them," cried young Drewitt, in choking accents of rage.

"Hurrah fur Ould Ireland!" shouted Andy, as he ran onward with his prize.

"I'll have that fellow hung when I meet him at Kilkieran, for I'm positive I saw him there, and we shall meet again," growled the lad.

"He is one of the F. B.'s, and if I was heavier, I would fight him, but he is too many guns for me. I wish the Queen would pass a law authorizing *us* gentlemen to hang them like dogs, without judge or jury. I wonder what my sister will say, when she learns how I lost that flag she intended to present to the lieutenant? Devil take the Fenians, and roast them!"

Having uttered this pious wish, he hastened homeward to relate his encounter, and his *desperate* fight with one of the Brotherhood.

Andy reached the boat, and as the sailors pushed from the shore, he exhibited his prize with an air of pride.

The boat was dancing rapidly over the waves, when one of the men threw down his oar, exclaiming—

“Luk! a beautiful dog has jusht leaped into dhe wather, an’ dhe chrature is shwimmin’ afther us.”

“Put back fur him,” said one.

“Aye, put back immadiately, fur, by Saint Pathrick, it’s me me own ould fri’nd, Shamrock! Tare an’ ouns! fwhat insthinct guided dhe baaste dhis distance afther me? Murder, see dhe faithful animal shwim!”

They turned the boat, and Shamrock was soon dragged in among them, much pleased at the change in his position.

“Fwhere can enny o’ yese find a thruer fri’nd dhan dhat?” asked Andy, as he patted Shamrock’s dripping head.

They were soon on board, and Shamrock was welcomed by Nell Clare, who knew him well; while Andy paraded the deck with his prize, whistling the “Wearing of the Green,” much to the amusement of all.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE POWER OF GOLD—"WE MEET AGAIN"—THE MIDNIGHT FLIGHT.

Time passed on, and the Spy was not idle in Dublin. His disguise enabled him to walk through the most public thoroughfares in the noontide glare, and his audacity shielded him from suspicion.

No brogue affected his accent, and he passed for a wealthy Quaker traveling for pleasure, whose mild manner of speech, interspersed with a moderate quantity of "thees and thous," he closely imitated.

He was, in fact, a model Quaker, and his whole mode of living at the most fashionable hotel in Sackville Street, would have blinded all the Friends in the "City of Brotherly Love," or all the broad-brims that ever raised garden seeds "down tew Wethersfield, Connecticut."

He was not idle in the great, bustling city; he had mingled with the Fenians; he had gained a budget of useful information; he frequently conversed with the Government officials; he had twice visited the old Bridewell with the Lord Mayor; and he had received a large amount of money from various sources, the use of which will soon be known.

He visited Dublin for the sole purpose of liberating the great C. O. I. R. of the Fenian Brotherhood, and no better man could have been chosen for the important undertaking in the United Kingdom.

Time passed on, and as the friends of the Head Centre began to despair, the Spy's hopes rose higher, for he was confident of success.

Money was the power on which he depended to carry out his plans, and his movements were confided to no one.

One night the pseudo Quaker was sitting in his chamber in Sackville Street, when a visitor was announced.

The visitor was no less a personage than the *prison-keeper*, who had called to spend an hour with the *distinguished American*, (as he informed the landlord,) from whom he expected to hear important news, relating to the contemplated Fenian movements in the United States.

"Pump him all you can, for the Yankees are very communicative, and if you give him three goblets of punch, he will tell all he knows, if it takes him till morning," said mine host, with a knowing wink.

"Bring up the punch, and make it strong. Does he smoke?"

"Yes; like a steam-tug, or a bad chimney."

"Give us cigars, then, and see no person intrudes. I may learn all about the expected Canadian invasion, and if I do, you shall hear the news. Sweeney is bound to do something, whether he is supported by the O'Mahony party or not; at least, my American Cousin tells me so."

They both laughed at the joke, and the Bridewell functionary ascended the stairs.

The Spy received his visitor kindly, the punch and cigars were brought, the door was locked, the keyhole was stuffed, and in a few moments they were in earnest conversation.

"Well, hast thou considered my offer, friend?" inquired "Ezekiel Barber," as he sipped his punch.

"Yes; I have thought the matter well over, and being a Fenian myself, I think it my duty to liberate our chief; but it is putting my own life in danger."

"To save the prisoner from an ignominious death upon the scaffold, a man should be willing to dare anything; and no one will imagine that *you* had a hand in the matter—no, really. The turnkey and the guard will be suspected, but thou art above suspicion, having, as thou sayest, manifested an intense hatred for all Fenians, thereby blinding those who are high in authority. Thou had'st better take the gold I am commissioned to offer thee, and release the unfortunate patriot from the hands of his oppressors, for which deed thy name shall be venerated in future ages. I have received a

goodly sum from the Brotherhood in America, and thou shalt have it the hour that the captive is brought unto me. Look at the glittering treasure. It is sufficient to make thee a prince among men."

Mr. Barber arose, and unlocked a portmanteau that was ready prepared under the table; then he turned on the gas, and displayed the pile of yellow coins it contained.

The jailor's eyes sparkled, and his avaricious fingers itched to handle the gold. He longed to call it his own.

The Quaker smiled as he gazed down at him, reading his features attentively, and he saw that his visitor hesitated.

"How much is there?" he inquired, eagerly.

"The valise contains one thousand pounds, and it is all yours when you bring our friend before me, safe and unharmed. Wilt thou do it?"

"Will you swear never to inform on me, never to betray me?"

"We never betray our friends, and thy fears are absurd; however, if it pleaseth thee better, I will e'en raise my hand, and thou shalt administer unto me an oath that will be sacred."

The oath was taken, and the jailor appeared more contented.

"Now, I will reveal to you a secret," he said. "Things are already arranged for the patriot to escape this very night, and I will bring him to you at midnight if you give me the money now."

"Thou shalt take it away with thee, and I will follow thee to see if thou enterest the prison. If thou art false unto me thy life is not worth a farthing. There is the valise; turn the key and take the treasure with thee when thou goest forth."

"I must leave soon, if I mean to give my accomplices the instructions, and pay them for their valuable services, but where is the prisoner to meet you?"

"On the bridge above St. Paul's Cathedral. I shall await his arrival at midnight."

"He shall be there before the clock of St. Paul's strikes one, and you will know him by the policeman's uniform I

have procured for the occasion. If any person sees you together, they will think him an officer on duty, and if you travel boldly through the country together, people will naturally suppose that you are in pursuit of a criminal."

"Thou couldst not have chosen a better disguise, for if any of his enemies behold him when he leaveth the prison, they will think he is an officer discharging his duty—yea, verily."

"Well, I must be off," exclaimed the jailor, and putting on his hat, he finished his punch, grasped the valise, and walked to the door.

"Remember the hour," said the Quaker, significantly, and his visitor hastened down the stairs, exclaiming in a loud voice, so that the loungers below might hear him:

"D—n the Fenians! They give me no peace, night or day, but I'll have *that fellow* in irons before morning, if I put all the police in Dublin on his track. Good night, Mr. Barber, and I am obliged to you for the valuable information."

"What's up? Did you pump the rascal well?" whispered the landlord, catching the jailor's arm as he was hastening out.

"Believe me, I did; and he has put me on a new track. If things go on as he has planned them, I'll capture Neil Connor, the Fenian Spy. Mr. Barber ought to have an office from the government."

So saying, he departed, and walked rapidly toward the jail, over the entrance of which are carved these words: "Cease To Do Evil. Learn To Do Well."

Soon after his visitor departed, the Quaker descended the stairs, and strolled out into the street.

Many gentlemen laughed at his garb, his hat, and indispensable blue cotton umbrella, which he always carried, rain or shine; but the pseudo-American paid no heed to their audible remarks, though at another time he might have given an exhibition of his muscular power, and "polished some of them off in short order."

He wandered about the streets, gazing innocently into shop windows until they were closed, and then he sauntered

on until he reached the bridge, where he stood looking down at the water like a man contemplating suicide.

Time passed on, and when twelve notes were chimed musically by the Cathedral clock, he watched with nervous anxiety for the coming of him whom he expected.

He had not long to wait, for in a few moments a figure was seen approaching at a careless pace, and the Quaker's heart throbbed joyously when through the gloaming he detected the uniform of a policeman.

The man came on faster when he beheld the silent watcher, and, without halting, said, in a low voice:

"Follow me!"

The Quaker obeyed, and the policeman marched on rapidly, without looking back, until they reached the outskirts of the city; then he halted, and waited for his friend. In a moment their hands were clasped in that firm grasp which is more eloquent than words.

"We meet again," said the chief, "my tried and faithful friend, and words cannot express one half I feel. May God bless you, Neil Connor! You have saved my life, and I shall yet strike a blow for the liberty of old Ireland. Father in heaven," cried the fugitive patriot, baring his head and gazing reverently upward, "aid me to free my suffering country from bondage! Let me behold her people independent and happy before I die."

The Spy pressed his companion's hand in silence, and together they pursued their way beneath the light of the shining stars.

They arrived at a friend's house in about an hour, and having procured two fast horses, which they promised to send back again, they bid the overjoyed Fenian adieu and rode rapidly away.

CHAPTER Xv.

A CHAPTER OF SMALL ITEMS.

A great excitement was caused by the escape of the prisoner, and the news was spread like wildfire over the land. Ships were examined; ports were guarded; and in every city, town, or village, spies were searching for him with unceasing vigilance.

Immense rewards were offered for his arrest, while he was quietly making his way toward Kilkieran Bay, whence he trusted to escape by water to France.

Meanwhile Captain Dirkem was buried, and Lady Agnes was restored to her mourning relatives. The young lord was overjoyed to meet his betrothed, and O'Hara proposed that they should go to England, and remain there until the Fenian trouble was ended, to which proposition Banker readily agreed, knowing that his own life was in constant danger among his long-abused tenants; and in England he could wed the Lady Agnes. Thus it was settled between them.

Joe Dasher was on board the English brig. He it was who found out that Captain Moran was a Fenian Smuggler, and put enemies on his track. The English commander cruised about, hoping to capture the saucy little clipper, but every time they bore down upon her she showed them a clean pair of heels, causing young Dirkem to curse in baffled rage.

Thus matters remained on the water.

Sickness, sorrow, and death were frequent visitors to the humble cabins on Kilkieran beach, and the gaunt spectre of Famine was kept from the peasants' doors by the plentiful supply of fish that could be had at all times.

The Osprey's Nest was filled with a joyous party, and sweet strains of music echoed through the spacious hall at night, where the dancers passed the swift-winged hours by tripping on the "light fantastic toe."

The poor heard the music as they sat by their cabin doors, but the entrancing strains found no echo in their sorrowing hearts, when mingled with the wail of anguish that was torturing them continually.

Thus affairs remained on the beach, where the wild waves washed the white sands, and the wind whistled around the beetling crags that stood the assault of Time disdainfully.

On the bleak moor, Andy Martin's mother waited anxiously for her boy's return, and the cabin was more lonely since Shainrock deserted her. But she trusted that God was watching over him, and believed, in her unwavering faith, He would restore her idol once more.

Mad Nancy still wandered about with her harp, singing her wild songs, reading future mysteries for those who "crossed her palm" with gold, and gathering valuable information by the way.

She had closed the shutters and secured the door of Emmett Clare's cottage, and every day she visited the sick, doing innumerable acts of charitable kindness, for which blessings were showered upon her, and for which her reward will be given in the brighter world.

The search for Fenians was continued with unabated vigor, and numerous acts of brutal cruelty were committed, which we have no space to record.

Dirkem's dragoons paraded to and fro on Kilkieran beach, and the poor people were abused daily without any cause whatever. They were Irish, and that was a sufficient excuse.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE TWO FUGITIVES—M'GILLIGAN'S SURPRISE—THE DRAGOONS
—A DESPERATE FIGHT.

One night, when Peter McGilligan was smoking in his tap-room, and two old men sipping their punch at a table near by, and a stranger was sitting beneath the swinging lamp, endeavoring to read the *Dublin Times* by its uncertain light, two foot-travelers entered the open door, and approaching the bar, asked for some whisky.

As the landlord waited on them, the old men paid no attention to the travelers, but the gentleman who was reading glanced sharply at them over his paper, and throwing it down carelessly, he sauntered slowly toward the door, whistling Garryowen.

He paced the long stoop, as though occupied with his own thoughts, and finally walked down the road toward Kilkieran, quickening his gait when a short distance away.

When a quarter of a mile away he commenced running, and when he reached the Osprey's Nest he was panting for breath. In about ten minutes after his arrival six mounted dragoons were on their way to McGilligan's Inn to capture the Fenian Spy, whom their informer had detected by his voice.

The Chief was unknown, and the man made no allusion to him whatever, consequently the dragoons thought they had only *one* man to capture, and although they knew he was brave, they anticipated an easy victory.

Meanwhile the weary pedestrians drank their liquor and sat down to rest. The old fogies soon afterward went home, and Peter was left alone with his guests.

He eyed them sharply, as he usually did all strangers in

the troublous times, until the Spy turned toward him and inquired:

"Do you think you'll know me when we meet again?"

Mine host blushed, for he was a timid man, and he was afraid his rude scrutiny had angered his interrogator.

"I beg your pardon; I meant no harm," he stammered, and the travelers laughed merrily.

"Who do you think I am? Do I look anything like Neil Connor?" asked the stranger.

"Oh! murdher, man dear, is it indeed Neil?" cried the delighted landlord, as he extended his hand, which the Spy grasped warmly. "Thank God, you're safe! Sure I was wondherin' fwhere you was dhis long time, an' the polace huntin' ye in all directions. Well, well, begorra, I'm a happy man dhis night. And who is your fri'nd?" he added, glancing at Neil's companion.

The Chief immediately answered for himself before the Spy could reply:

"I am a true Irishman; my name is *Stephen James*."

Peter was unlike most of his countrymen, so dull of comprehension he didn't "see the point," and, as neither of them enlightened him, he remained in ignorance.

While the Spy was conversing with Peter, the door was noiselessly opened and six dragoons rushed in with drawn swords.

In an instant Stephens and his companion were on their feet, and drawing two revolvers, shot two of their enemies dead.

The remaining four followed quickly, and attacked the resolute Fenians furiously, while Peter retreated behind the bar, quaking with terror.

"Take them alive if you can, but cut them down if they try to escape," shouted their leader, and then he aimed a furious blow at the Spy with the sword.

"Surrender, you traitors," he cried, as he wounded Neil in the left shoulder, and his companions charged Stephens hard as he retreated towards the wall, so that they might not get behind him.

"Don't surrender! fight till you die!" exclaimed Stephens, and another assailant fell before his unerring aim.

But their enemies were brave men, and two of them grappled with the Spy, disarming him, and bearing him heavily to the floor. The other dragoon, a muscular man, over six feet high, closed with the C. O. I. R. and the struggle between them was fearful.

The Fenian refugees would doubtless have been captured if aid had not arrived in time.

A large dog bounded into the tap-room, and in an instant he had Stephens' assailant by the throat. It was Shamrock, and close on the animal's heels came Andy Martin, with a wild yell that made the place ring again.

In a moment he recognized the disguised Fenians, for he knew that they were coming, and he was hastening to meet them. He had arrived just in time.

Without pausing a moment he swung the heavy club which he carried high in air, and one of Neil's enemies fell heavily on the floor. The Spy quickly mastered the other, and Shamrock finished the last.

"Hurrah for ould Ireland! Hurrah for Jem Stephens, dhe Fenian Spy, Andy Martin, an' the dog Shamrock!"

"Holy Saint Pathrick, but yese had a near go of it, an' yese may thank me fur savin' yese!"

"I'm always turnin' up like a bad cint whin no wan is expectin' me," exclaimed Andy.

"Dhey got word aboard dhe ship yese would be here to-night, an' Moran sint me to meet yese."

"Shake hands. Long life to you Mr. Stephens!"

"Come away, Shamrock, an' don't ate dhe man's head off!"

The excited Irishman rattled out these sentences hastily, giving his friends no chance to speak, and when he had done, he tucked his bludgeon under his arm and extended both hands.

Stephens and the Spy grasped them, and thanked him for his timely aid.

"We war cruisin' about on dhe coast when Nancy resaved yer letther, tellin' her yese wud be here dhis night."

"Nancy sint word to Captain Moran by wan iv dhe Kilkieran fishermen, who kem out to us in a shmall boat, an' dhen himself sint me to meet yese, an' conduct yese to fwere he's lyin' off wid dhe vessel waitin' fur yese."

"I'm ready to convey yese dhis minit, an' we'd betther go immadiately, bekase wan iv dhe dhragoons is movin'; more may be comin', an' dhis phlace is not safe fur yese."

"Let us go," said Stephens. "I have my country's liberty to work out, and I don't wish to be taken again. It would be certain death."

"Come along, dhin," exclaimed Andy, grasping his arm, and dragging him toward the door, "fur dhey'll be mad wid joy whin yese both are sthandin' on deck."

"You have no time to lose, for another party is coming up dhe road fthrom Kilkieran," cried the landlord, who was watching from the open door.

"Folly me!" roared Andy, and they started in hot haste.

"Tell our pursuers the Fenian Spy is accountable for this night's work," cried Neil, pointing to the dead dragoons as he spoke, and then he darted from the back door into the darkness, followed by Shamrock.

By a difficult route amid the rocks, Andy guided them to a lonely cove, where a small boat was waiting to receive them. Far away on the wide waste of waters rocked the staunch clipper, her tapering masts dimly discernible against the gloomy sky.

In half an hour they were warmly welcomed by true friends, and our heroine thanked God for restoring him who was dearer than life to her.

Father Darcy was on board, and so was Mad Nancy. Stephens was warmly welcomed, and the whole party listened with interest whie he related a brief history of his wonderful adventures.

"And what do you intend to do now?" asked Father Darcy, when he had concluded. "Your life is in constant danger, and perhaps your friends may betray you to obtain the great reward that is offered for your apprehension. There

is always a traitor in every organization. Have you formed any plans for the future?"

"Yes; I have decided to seek refuge in France, and from there I shall sail for America, to settle the dispute between the O'Mahony and Sweeny factions.

"I am sorry that Irishmen never agree among themselves whenever they are striving for liberty. They all want to be Head Centres, and they all have separate plans of their own for throwing off the tyrant's yoke. Millions of dollars have poured into the Fenian treasury in America; enough to build a fleet; equip the largest army ever known in modern history; carry on a war against our enemies for a whole year; and yet no account has been kept. Nobody knows anything about it, and those who ought to give an account of every penny, are as ignorant as those who gave it, or they pretend to be. I am almost ashamed to go among the American people after the disgraceful conduct of the Brotherhood; and I have a hard task to straighten matters among them."

He sighed, and gazed sadly out on the dark expanse of waters, for his heart was troubled, and his spotless character stained by those in whom not only himself but the whole Irish people blindly confided.

Father Darcy was about to make a remark, but he was interrupted by the hoarse cry that caused them all to start, and which ended all further conversation.

CHAPTER XVII.

AN EXCITING CHASE—RUNNING THE GAUNTLET—HAPPY

FINALE.

"Sail ho!" was the cry that startled them from the lookout.

"Where away?" shouted Captain Moran.

"Three points leeward, on the weather bow."

"What do you make her out?"

"The same brig that has been in pursuit of us for a month past. There is a breeze springing up, and she is creeping down on us."

"All hands on deck! We must run for it," added Moran, turning to Stephens, who appeared anxious.

"Can you get out into the open waters before the brig cuts off our retreat? I dread the thought of being captured again, for life is dear to me still. I wish to see old Erin free; I wish to write Emmett's epitaph, then I am ready whenever the Master calls me."

The Captain was gazing through his glass, and the Spy was giving orders in a loud voice; the anchor was shipped, the sails were spread, and the gallant vessel began to move swiftly away.

Neil Connor stood at the helm.

"Let the women, Father Darcy and Mark go below," shouted the Captain, "for they are opening their ports, and we shall have a shot presently. Down with you, and don't be alarmed, whatever happens. Starboard your helm! Steady! Head her for the French coast when we reach the open sea!

"Crowd on all sail! Run out your guns and stand firm. Mr. Stephens, you will be safer in the cabin."

"God watches over me, and with your permission I will remain on deck," replied the patriot, and Captain Moran walked away.

The chase soon grew very exciting, for the clipper was striving to pass St. Anthony's Nose, and the brig was endeavoring to cut off her retreat, every moment bringing them nearer together.

But the clipper gained fast, and Moran's enemies saw that he would pass unless they crippled him in some manner.

Suddenly a loud report echoed over the waters, followed rapidly by another, and still another, in quick succession.

The bulwarks of the clipper were shattered, her bowsprit was carried away, but she seemed to fly over the waves, and giving her antagonist a parting salute, she passed the fatal point and swept gallantly out to the open sea.

A wild cheer of exultation arose, in which Stephens joined, and the English brig was soon left far astern. The moon arose, the wind freshened, and the dark headlands faded gradually from sight.

That night, Nell Clare and Neil Connor were wedded on deck, in the moonlight, by Father Darcy, and Andy Martin played the violin till dawn for the merry dancers.

Stephens was merry as any of them, and when the happy pair retired, Mad Nancy got her harp and sung olden ballads until the patriot's heart was filled with emotion.

And now little remains to be said, for our hero and heroine have ended the romance.

How Stephens landed safe in France, and how he reached our shores is well known, and we draw the curtain over the past.

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